

TO MY WORTHY GOOD COSEN Maister W. S.

WORTHY COSEN,

POETS, by abusing their talent, and making themselues, and seruentes of Loue the customary subiect of their base endeauours, haue so discredited that faculty, that a Poet, a Louer, and a Lyar, are by many reckoned but three words of one signification. But the vanity of men cannot counterpoyse the authority of God, who delivering many parts of Scripture in verse, and by his Apostle willing vs to exercise our deuotion in Hymnes and spirituall Sonnets, warranteth the Art to be good, and the vse allowable. And therefore, not only among the Heathen, whose Gods were chiefly celebrated by their Poets, and their Paynim Diuinity practised in verse: but euen in the Old and New Testament it hath beene vsed by men of greatest piety, in matters of most deuotion. Christ himselfe by making a Hymne, the conclusion of his last Supper, and the Prologue to the first Pageant of his Passion, gaue his Spouse a methode to imitate, as in the Office of the Church it appeareth, and to all men a patterne to know

[illegible] Poesie, [illegible]
but the Soule, as he [illegible] Deity, and seeketh to
know all the compartments of Diuine honour applied to his
seruice: so hath he among the rest, possessed also most Poets
with his idle fancies. For in lieu of solemne and decent mat-
ter, to which all duely they owe their abilities, they most busie
themselues in expressing such passions, as only serue for testi-
monies to how vnworthy affections they haue wedded their
wills. And because the best course to let them see the errour
of their workes, is to weaue a new web in their owne loome;
I haue heere layd a few course threds together, to inuite
some skilfuller wits to goe forward in the same, or to begin
some finer peece: wherein it may be seene how well verse
and vertue fit together. Blame me not (good Cosin) though
I send you a blame-worthy present, in which the most that
can commend it, is the good will of the Writer, neither Art
nor inuention giuing it any credit. If in me this be a fault,
you cannot be faultlesse that did importune me to commit it:
and therefore you must beare part of the penance, how it
shall please sharp censurers to impose it. In the meane time,
with many good wishes I send you these few Ditties. Adde
you the tunes, and let the Meane, I pray you, be still a part
in all your Musicke.

Your louing Cosen

R. S.

THE AVTHOVR
to the Reader.

Deare eye that doeth perufe my Muſes ſtile,
With pale cenſure ſeeme of my deſigne,
Sweet ſober-ſad countenance, ſage ſowrenes to mixe,
And ſmileleſt wits to take a breath ſometimes
Of mirth to make a ſtraye, may be aſſume,
Tyred ſpirits for mirth muſt haue a time.

The lofty Eagle ſoares not ſtill aboue,
High flights will forſake her fro the ayre to ſtoupe,
And ſtudious thoughtfull times men muſt remoue
Cleane by excelle before their time they droupe.
Courſer ſtudies, it is a ſweet repoſe
With ſome pleaſing veine to temper proſe.

Prophane conceits and fayning fits of loue,
Such lawleſſe ſtudie doth lawleſſe ſpeeches fit
With Dauid Verſe or Vertue I applie,
Both meaſure beſt with meaſur'd words doth ſit
In the (meeteſt note that man can ſing)
Both grace in vertuous and holy things.

THE AVTHOR

TO THE READER.

DEare eye that doth let fall a looke;
On these sad memories of Peters plaints:
Thou yet in these some sweet ingredients brookst,
They once were smile-moods that now are taints.
Their weaknesse is no subiect to be scand,
Learne by their faults, what to thine owne to mend.

SAINT PETERS COMPLAINT.

1.

LAunch forth my soule into a maine of teares,
Full fraught with grief, the tasse of thy mind
Torne sailes will serue, thoghts rent with guilty
olue care the sterne, vse sighs in lieu of winds
Remorse, thy Pilot; thy misdeed, thy Sands,
Torment thy hayre, shipwracke thy best rewards.

2.

Shun not the shelfs of most deserued shames,
Sticke in the sands of agonizing dread;
Content thee to be stormes and billowes game;
Diours't from grace thy soule to pennance wed;
Fly not from forreine euils, fly from thy hart;
Worse then the worst of euils, is that thou art.

3.

Giue vent vnto the vapours of thy brest,
That thicken in the brimmes of cloudy eyes;
Where sin was hatch't, let teares now wash the nest
Whose life was lost, recouer life with cryes.
Thy trespasse soule, let not thy teares be few;
Baptize thy spotted soule in weeping dewe.

4.

My mourn full plaints, the Eccho's of my ruth,
Whose screeches in my frighted cõscience ring:
Sad out my sorrowes, fruites of mine vntruth:
Report the smart of sinnes infernall sting.
Tell harts that languish in the sortiest plight,
There is on earth a far more sorry wight.

5.

A sorry wight, the obiect of disgrace:
The monument of feare, the map of shame:
The owrout of mishap, the staine of place:
The footine of time, the infamy of fame:
An excrement of earth, to heauen hatefull,
Soutious to men, to God vngratefull.

6.

Ambitious heads, dreame you of Fortunes pride,
Fill volumes with your forged Goddesse prayse:
You Fancies drudges, plung'd in follies tide,
Deuote your fabling wits to louers layes:
Be you, o sharpest griefs that euer wrung, (tung,
Text to my thoughts, Theame to my playning

7.

Sad subiect of my sinne hath stor'd my mind,
With euerlasting matter of complaint:
My Threnes an endlesse Alphabet do find,
Beyond the pangs which Ieremie doth paint:
That eyes with errors may iust measure keep,
Most wearies I with that haue most cause to weep.

8.

All weeping eyes resigne your teares to mine
A sea will scantly cinse my ordur'd soule
Huge horrors in high tides must drowned be;
Of every teare my crime exacteth tole.
Thes staines are deep, few drops take out no such
Euen salue with fore, and most is not too much.

9.

I fear'd with life, to die, by death to liue
I left my guide, now left, and leaving God.
To breath in blisse, I fear'd my breath to giue
I fear'd for heauenly raigne, an earthly rod.
These feares I fear'd, feares feeling no mishap
O fond, O faint, O false, O faulty lap.

10.

How can I liue, that thus my life denid?
What can I hope, that lost my hope in feare?
What trust to one, that truth it selfe defi'd?
What good in him, that did his God forsweare?
O sinne, of sinnes, of euils, the very worst!
O matchlesse wretch! o catiffe most accurst!

11.

Vaine in my vaunts, I vow'd if friends had failde,
Alone Christs hardest fortunes to abide:
Giant in talke, like dwarfe in triall quailde
Excelling none, but in vntruth and pride.
Such distance is betweene high words & deeds
In proofe the greatest vaunters seldome speede.

12.

Ah rashnes, hastie rife, to murdering leape,
Lauish in vowing, blind in seeing what:
Seede sowing shames, that ôg remorse must reape
Nursing with teares, that ouer-sights begate,
Stand of repentance, harbinger of blame,
Treason to wisdome, mother of ill name.

13.

The borne-blind beggar, for receiued sight,
Fast in his faith and loue, to Christ remain'd,
Hee stopped to no feare, he fear'd no might,
No chāg his choice, no threat his truth distaind:
One wonder wrought him in his dutie sure:
I, after thousands, did my Lord abiure.

14.

Could I refuse feare of rendring natures due,
Which growth in years was shortly like to claime
So thrall my loue, that I should abuse eschue (me,
A vowed death, and misse so faire an ayme?
Die, die disloyall wretch, thy life detest:
For sauing thine, thou hast forsworne the best.

15.

Ah life, sweet drop, drownd in a sea of sweets,
A flying good, posting to doubtfull end,
Still looking mōths & yeares to gain new houres:
Faine, time to haste, and spare, yet forst to spend:
Thy growth, decrease, a moment all thou hast:
That gone, ere known the rest, to come, or past.

Was this for best deserts the dues indeed
Are best worths well wag'd with spiteful hire?
Are flowrest vowes repeal'd in greatest need?
Should friendship part the first a frowne retire?
Blush Heauen for me, for he in euerie plight
Crouch to the darkest cares from loathed light.

21.

Ah wretch, why wait I time? Time is my foe,
Whose speaches vaynd spight, so breathed gall?
No kind vnkinde the edge of hate
My Story Name much better sooner my fall
My oathes were stones, my cruel tongue the sling:
My Lord the mark, at which my spight did fling.

22.

Were all the Iewish Tyrannies too few,
To glut thy hungry lookes with his disgrace?
That thou more hatefull tyrannies must shew?
And spit thy poyson in thy Maisters face?
Did thou so spare his foes par vp thy sword?
To brandish now thy tongue against thy Lord?

23

Ah tongue, that with his prayse & godhead loud:
How wert thou stain'd with such detesting words?
That euery word was to his hate a wound,
And lanc'st him deeper then a thousand swords?
What rage of man, yea what infernal spright,
Could haue disgorg'd more lothsō dregs of spite?

Why

Why did the yielding sea, like marble way,
Support a wretch more wanering thē the waues?
Who doubt did plunge, why did the water stay?
Vnkind in kindnes, murthering, while it saues.
O that this tongue had then been fishes food,
And I deuour'd before this cursing mood.

25.

Their surges, depths, and seas vnfirme by kind,
Rough gusts, & distance both frō ship & shoare,
Were ticles to excuse my staggering mind,
Stout feet might faulter on that liquide floare.
But heere, no seas, no blasts, no billowes were,
A puffe of womans wind bred all my feare.

26.

O cowardtroups, far better arm'd then harted,
Whō āgry words, whō blowes cold not prouoke,
Whō though I raught how sore my weapō smar-
Yet none repaid me with a woūding stroke. (ted
O no: that stroke, could but one moity kill,
I was reseru'd, both halfes at once to spill.

27.

Ah, whither was forgoten Loue exild?
Where did the truth of pledged promise sleep?
What in my thoughts begat this vgly child
That cold throgh rented soule thus fiercly creep?
O viper, feare their death by whom thou liuest,
All good thy guiues wreke, all euils thou giuest.

Threats

Thrusts threw me into torments: I soone assaide
My fray with shades, cockes did make me yield
Wounding my thoughts with fears; falsely dis-
I must be fought not lost, I gaue the field: (mayd
Infamous foyle, a Maides chaste breath,
Did blow me downe, & blest my soule to death.

29.

Tell vs (I make vn-truths) am I a Rocke?
That with so soft a gale was ouerthrowne?
Am I (sir Pastor) of your faithfull flocke,
To guide their soules, that murdered thus mine owne?
A rocke of ruine, not a rest to stay,
A Pastor, not to feed, but to betray.

30.

Fidelity was flowne, when feare was hatched,
Incompatible brood in vertues nest:
Courage can lesse with cowardize be matched,
Pen-weesle nor loue lodg'd in deuided breast:
O *Adams* child, cast by a silly *Eue*,
Heire to thy Fathers foyles, and borne to grieue.

31.

In *Thabers* ioyes I dager was to dwell,
An earnest friend whose pleasure light did shine
But when eclipsed glory prostrate fell,
These zealous hearts in sleep I did resigne;
And now, my mouth ha'h thrice his name denide
That cry'd so loud, thrice dwelling there to build

When

31.

When Christ attending the distressful howre,
With his surcharged brest did blesse the ground,
Prostrate in pangs, rayning a bleeding showre,
Me, like my selfe, a drowsie friend he found,
Twice in his care, sleep closd my careles eye,
Presage, how him my tonge should thrice denye.

32.

Parting from *Christ*, my fainting force declinde,
With lingring foot, I followed him a lonse,
Base feare out of my hart his loue vnshrin'd,
Huge in high words, but impotent in proose;
My vaunts did seem hatcht vnder *Sapsons* locke,
Yet womans words did giue me murdring knockes

34.

So fare luke-warme desires in crazy loue,
Farre off in need with feeble foot they traine;
In tydes they swim, low ebs they scorn to proue,
They seeke their friends delights, but shun their paine.
Hire of a hireling mind is earned shame:
Take now thy due, beare thy begotten blame.

35.

Ah, coole remissenes, vertues quarten feuer,
Pyning of loue, consumption eke of grace:
Old in the cradle, languor dying euer,
Soules wilfull famine, sinnes soft stealing pace,
The vndermining euil of zealous thought,
Seeming to bring no harme, till all be brought.

O por-

36.

O Portresse of the doore of my disgrace;
Whose tongue vnlockt the truth of vowed mind
Whose words frō cowards hart did courage chase
And let in death-full feares my soule to blind
O wouldst thou beene the portresse to my tombe
When thou wert portresse to that curled roome

37.

Yet loue was loath to part, feare loath to die.
Stay; daunger life did counterplead their cause:
I fauouring stay, and life bad daunger flie:
But daunger did except against their clauses.
Yet stay, and liue I would, and daunger shunne
And lost my selfe, while I my veraict wonne.

38.

I stayd; yet did my staying furthest part:
I liu'd, but so, that sauing life, I lost it:
Daunger I shun'd, but to my sorer smart:
I gayned nought, but deeper domage crost it.
What daunger, distance, death is worse then this
That guilts frō God & spoiles his soule of blisse

39.

O thou my guide into this earthly Hell,
Too well acquainted in so ill a Court,
Where raying mouths with blasphemies dwell
With tainted breath infecting all resort. (swell
Why didst thou lead me to this hell of euils?
To shew my selfe a fiend amongst the diuels

O Euil

40.

Euill president, the ryde that wastes to vice,
Some Orator, that woes with silent deede,
VVriting in workes lessons of ill aduise,
The doing tale that eye in practise reedes.
Taster of ioyes, to vnacquainted hunger:
With leauen of the old, seasoning the younger.

41.

It seemes no fault to doe that all haue done:
The number of offenders hides the sinne:
Coach drawne with many horse, doth easily
Soone followeth one where multitudes begin.
O, had I in that Court much stronger byn,
Or not so strong, as first to enter in.

42.

Sharpe was the weather in that stormy place,
Best suting harts benum'd with hellish frost,
VVhose crusted malice could admit no grace,
Where coales were kindled to the warmer cost.
Where fear, my thoughts canded with yse-cold,
Heare, did my tongue to periuries vnfold.

43.

O hatefull fire (ah that I euer saw it)
Too hard my hart was frozen for thy force,
Far hoater flames it did require to thaw it,
Thy hell resembling heat did freeze it worse.
O that I rather had congeal'd to yse,
Then bought thy warmth at such a damning

24.

O wakefull bird, proclaymer of the day,
[illegible] morning hower doth daunt the Lyon[illegible]
Thy crowing did my selfe to me bewary,
My frights and brutish hestes it did allwaye.
But oh in this alone, unhappy Cocke, (clock
That thou no nouse my foyles wert made to

25.

O bird, the iust rebuker of my crime,
The faithfull waker of my sleeping powres:
Be now the daily clocke to strike the time,
When thirsted eyes shall pay their taske of teares
Vpbraid mine eares with thine accusing crow
To make me rue that first it made me knowe.

26.

O milde reuenger of aspiring pride,
thou cast dismount high thoughts to low effects
Thou mad'st a Cocke me for my fault to chide
My lofty boasts this lowly bird corrects,
Well might a Cocke correct me with a crow,
Whom Hennish cackling first did ouerthrow.

27.

Weake weapons did *Goliat* furies abate, (vaine
Whose storming rage did thunder threats in
His body huge, harnest with massie plate,
Yet *Dauids* stone brought death into his braine
With staffe and sling as to a dog he came:
And with contempt did boasting Fury tame.

28.

Yet *Dauid* had with Beare and Lyon fought,
His skilfull might excus'd (...) foyle (...)
The death in cald that worthy hand had wrought
Some honour liues in honourable spoyle,
But I on whome all infamies must light,
Was hist to death with words of womans spight.

29.

Small gnats inforst th'Egyptian King to stoope,
Yet they in swarmes & arm'd with percing stings,
Smart, noyse, anoyãce made his courage droupe.
No small incõbrance such small vermin beings.
I quaild at words, that neither bit nor stung,
And those deliuered from a womans tung.

30.

Ah feare, abortiue impe of drouping mind:
Selfe ouer-throw, false friend, roote of remorse:
Sighted, in seeing euils, in shunning blind:
Foyld without field, by fancie not by force;
Ague of Valour, Phrensie of the wise,
True honours staine, Ioues frost, the mint of lies.

31.

Can vertue, wisedom, strength by woman spild,
In *Dauids*, *Salomons*, and *Sampsons* falls,
With semblance of excuse my errour guild,
Or lend a marble glosse to muddy walls?
O no, their fault had shew of some pretence,
No veyle can hide the shame of my offence.

32.

[illegible] beames allur'd their soul
[illegible] ing oft, conceiued loue:
[illegible] swallowed pleasures hooke
[illegible] and pleasure them did moue
[illegible] tunes rocke them a sleep
[illegible] yet not to damne so deep.

33.

But gracelesse features dazeled not mine eyes,
Two homely droyles were authors of my death
Not loue, but feare; my senses did surprise,
Not feare of force, but feare of womans breath
And those vnarm'd, ill grac'd, despis'd, vnknowne
So base a blast my truth hath ouerthrowne.

34.

O women, woe to men, traps for their falls,
Still actors in all tragicall mischances:
Earths necessary euills, captiuing thralls,
Now murdring with your egs, now with your
Parents of life & loue, spoylers of both; (glances
The theeues of harts; false do you loue or loth.

35.

In time, o Lord, thine eyes with mine did meet
In them I read the ruines of my fall:
Their cheering rayes, that made misfortune swee
Into my guilty thoughts pour'd floods of gall
Their heauenly looks that blest where they be
Darts of disdain, & angry checks did yeeld. (hol

O sacre

36.

O sacred eyes, the springs of [illegible]
Thee earthly heaues, where A[illegible]
How cold you deign to vew [illegible]
Or lay your heauenly beames [illegible]
But those vnspotted eyes [illegible]
As (spotlesse Sunne doth on the [illegible]

37.

Sweet volums stord with learning for [illegible]
Where blisfull quires imparadize their minds,
Wherein eternall study neuer faines,
Still finding all, yet seeking all it finds;
How endlesse is your labyrinth of blisse,
Where to be lost the sweetest finding is?

38.

Ah wretch, how oft haue I sweet lessons read,
In those deare eyes the regesters of truth?
How oft haue I my hungry wishes fed,
And in their happy ioyes redrest my ruth?
Ah that they now are Heralds of disdaine,
That erst were euer pitiers of my paine.

39.

You flames diuine that sparkle out your heats,
And kindle pleasing fires in mortall harts:
You *Nectar'd* Aumbryes of soule-feeding meats,
You graceful quiuers of loues deerest darts:
You did vouchsafe to warme, to wound, to feast,
My cold, my stony, my now famish't breast.

40.

The matchles eyes, match't only each by other,
Were pleas'd on my ill matched eyes to glaunce:
The eye of liquid pearle, the purest mother,
Broch't teares in mine to weep for my misehãce.
The cabinets of grace vnlockt their treasure,
And did to my misdeed their mercies measure.

41.

These blazing Cõmets, lightning flames of lou
Made me their warming influence to know;
My forzen hart their sacred force did proue,
Which at their looks did yeld like melting snow
They did not loves in former plenty carue,
Yet sweet are crũs whet pined thoghts do starue

42.

O liuing mirrours, seeing whome you shew,
Which equal shadowes, worths with shadowe
Yea make things nobler the in natiue hew (thin
By being thap'd in those life-giuing springs;
Much more my image in those eyes was grac't
Then in my selfe, whom sin and shame defac't

43.

All-seeing eyes, more worth then all you see,
Of which one is the others only price:
I worthlesse am, direct your beames on me,
VVith quickning vertue cure my killing vic
By seeing things, you make things worth
You seeing salue, & being seene delight. (sig

44.

O Poo'es of Hesebon, the Bathes of Grace,
Where happy spirits dive in sweet desires:
When Saints rejoyce to glasse their glorious face,
Whose banks make Eccho to the Angels quires.
An Eccho sweeter in the sole rebound,
Then Angels musick in the fullest sound.

45.

O eyes, whose glaunces are a silent speach,
In cipherd word high mysteries disclosings:
Which with a looke all Sciences can teach,
Whose texts to faithfull harts need little glosing:
Witnesse vnworthy I, who in a looke,
Learn'd more by rote, thē al the Scribs by book.

46.

Though malice stil possest their hardned minds,
I though too hard, learn'd softnes in thine eye,
Which yron knots of stubborne will vnbinde,
Offring them loue that loue with loue will buy.
This did I learne, yet they could not discerne it,
But woe, that I had now such need to learne it.

47.

O Sunnes, all but your selues in light excelling,
Whos presēce day, whose absēce causeth night,
Whos neighbour course, brings Sōmer, cold ex-
Whos distāt periods freez away delight. (pelling
Ah, that I lost your bright & fostring beames,
To plunge my soule in these congealed streams.

48.

O gracious spheres where loue the Center is,
A native place for our selfe-louden soules:
The compasse, loue, a scope that none can mis,
The motion, loue that round about vs rowles
O spheres of loue, whose center, scope, & motion
Is loue of vs, loue that inuites deuotion.

49.

O little worlds, the summes of all the best,
Where glory, heauen, God, sun, all vertues, star
Where fire a loue that next to heauen doth rest
Ayre, light of life, that no diſtēper marr, (showe
The water grace, whose teares, whose springs, whe
Cloth natures earth with euerlasting flower

50.

What mixtures these sweet elements do yeeld
Let happy worldlings of those worlds expoun
But simples are by compounds farre excelld,
Both suite a place, where all best things abound
And if a baniſht wretch ghesse not amiſſe:
All but one compound frame of perfect bliſſe.

51.

I out-cast from these worlds exiled rome,
Poore Saint, frō heauen, frō fire cold *Salamande*
Loſt fish, from those sweet waters kindly bome
From land of life, stray'd pilgrim still I wande
I know the cauſe: these worlds had neuer hell
In which my faults haue best deſeru'd to dwe

52.

O *Bethlem* ceſterne, *Dauids* moſt deſire,
From which my ſinnes like fierce Philiſtims creep,
To fetch your drops what champions ſhould I
That I therin my withered hād may ſteep. (hire,
I would not ſhed them like that holy King,
His were but types, theſe are the figured thing.

53.

O Turtle twins all bath'd in virgins milke,
Vpon the margin of full flowing banks:
Whoſe graceful plume ſurmounes the fineſt ſilke,
Whoſe ſight enamoreth heauēs moſt happy rāks,
Could I forſweare this heauēly payre of Doues,
That cag'd in care for me were groning loues.

54.

Twice *Moyſes* wād did ſtrik the ſtubborne Rock
Ere ſtony veyns wold yeld their chriſtal bloud:
Thy eyes, one looke ſeru'd as an only knock,
To make my hart guſh out a weeping floud.
Where in my ſinnes as fiſhes ſpawne their frie,
To ſhew their inward thames, and then to die.

55.

But o, how long demurre I on his eyes,
Whoſe looke did pierce my hart with healing
Lāncing impoſtum'd ſore of periurd lyes, (woūd
Which theſe two iſſues of mine eyes hath foūd,
Where runne it muſt, till death the iſſues ſtop,
And penall life hath purg'd the finall drop.

56.

Like soleſt Swan that ſwims in ſilent deep,
And neuer ſings but obſequies of death,
Sigh out thy plaints, and ſole in ſecret weep,
In ſuing pardon, ſpend thy periur'd breath.
Attire thy ſoule in ſorrowes mourning weed,
And at thine eyes let guilty conſcience bleed.

57.

Still bibb the Limbecke of thy dolefull breſt,
Theſe bitter fruits that from thy ſins do grow
For fuell, ſelfe accuſing thoughts be beſt,
Vſe fear as fire, the coales let pennance blow
And ſeeke none other quinteſſence but teares,
That eyes may ſhed what entred at thine eares.

58.

Come ſorowing teares, the offſpring of my grie
Scant not your Parent of a needfull ayde;
In you I reſt, the hope of wish't reliefe,
By you my ſinfull debts muſt be defraid:
Your power preuailes, your ſacrifice is grate
By loue obtayning life to men moſt hatefull.

59.

Come good effect of ill deſeruing cauſe;
Ill gotten impes, yet vertuouſly brought fort
Selfe-blaming probates, of infringed lawes,
Yet blamed faults redeeming with your wort
The ſignes of ſhame in you each eye may re
Yet while you guilty proue, you pitty ple

60.

O beames of mercy blaze on sorrowes cloud,
Powr supling showers vpō my parched groūd.
Bring forth the fruit to your due seruice vowd,
Let good desires with like deserts be crowned.
Water young blooming vertues tender flowres,
Sinne did all grace of riper growth deuoure.

61.

Weep Balme and Myrrh you sweet *Arabian* trees,
With purest gūmes perfume & pearle you ryne:
Shed on your hony drops you busie Bees,
O barraine plant, must weep vnpleasant bryne.
Horners I hyue, salt drops their labour plyes,
Sucke out of sin, and shed by showring eyes.

62.

If *Dauid* night by night did bath his bed,
Eseeming longest dayes too short to moue:
Inconsolable teares if *Anna* shed,
Who in her sonne her solace had forgone,
Then I to dayes, & weeks, to months and yeares,
Do owe the hourely rent of stintlesse teares.

63.

If loue, if losse, if fault, if spotted fame,
If daunger, death, if wrath, or wreck of weale,
Entitle eyes true heyres to eagred blame,
That due remorse in such meuts conceale,
The want of teares might well enroll my name,
As chiefest Saint in Calendar of shame.

Loue

64.

Loue, where I lou'd was due, and best deseru'
No loue cold ayme at more loue worthy mark
No loue more lou'd then mine of him I seru'
Large vse he gaue, a flame for euery sparke,
This loue I lost, this losse a life must rue,
Yea life is short, to pay the truth is due.

65.

I lost all that I had, and had the most,
The most that will can wish, or wit deuise:
I least perform'd, that did most vainly boast,
I staind my fame in most infamous wise. (mou
What danger then, death, wrath, or wreck ca
More pregnant cause of teares then this I prou

66.

If *Adam* sought a veyle to scarfe his sinne,
Taught by his fall to feare a scourging hand.
If men shal wish that hils should wrap them i
When crimes in finall doome come to be scan
What mout, what caue, what center can cõce
My mõstrous fact, which euen the birds reuea

67.

Come shame, the liuery of offending mind,
The vgly shroud that ouer-shadoweth blam
The mulct, at which foule faults are iustly fi
The dampe of sinne, the common fluse of sa
By wch impostum'd lungs their humors purg
Light shame on me, I best deseru'd the scour

68. (blood,
Cayns murderinge hand imbru'd in Brothers
More mercy thē my impious tongue may craue,
He killd a riuall with pretence of good,
In hope Gods doubled loue alone to haue.
But feare so spoild my vāquisht thoghts of loue,
That periur'd oths my spighteful hate did proue.

69.

Poore *Agar* from her peere enfor'st to fly,
Wandring in *Barsabean* wilds alone: (wold dye,
Doubring her child through helpleſſe drought
Layd it a loofe, and set her downe to moane.
The heauens with prayers, her lap with teares
A Mothers loue in losse is hardly stild. (she sild,

70.

But *Agar* now bequeath thy teares to me,
Feares, not effects, did set afloat thine eyes:
But wretch I feele more then was feard of thee.
Ah not my Sonne, my Soule it is that dyes:
It dyes for drought yet hath a spring in sight,
Worthy to dye, that would not liue and might,

71.

Faire *Absalons* foule fault, compar'd with mine,
Are brighteſt sands, to mud of *Sodome* Lakes;
High aymes, yōg spirit, birth of royal line, (staks
Made him play falſe where Kingdoms were the
Hegaz'd on golden hopes, whose lustre wins,
Sometime the graueſt wits to grieuous sins.

But

(bould)

72.

But I whose crime cuts off the least excuse,
A Kingdome lost, but hop'd no mite to gaine
My highest marke, was but the worthlesse vse
Of some few lingring houres of longer paine
Vngratefull child, his Parent he pursu'de,
I Gyants warre with God himselfe renu'de.

73.

Ioy infant-Saints, whom in the tenderest flowre
A happy storme did free from taste of sinne,
Long is their life that die in blissfull howre,
Ioyfull such ends, as endlesse ioyes begin.
Too long they liue, that liue till they be nought
Life sau'd by sin, base purchase deerly bought.

74.

This lot was mine, your fate was not so feare
Whom spotlesse death in cradle rockt asleep,
Swet roses mixt with lillies strowd your heare
Death Virgin-white in Martyrs red did steep
Your downy heads both pearls & rubies crown
My hoary locks did female feares confound.

75. (spoyle

You bleating Ewes that wayle this wolui
Of sucking lãbs new bought with bitter throw
T'imbalm your babes your eye distil their oy
Ech hart to tõbe her child wide rupture shou
Rue not their death whom death did but recu
Yield ruth to me, that liu'd to die aliue.

76.

With easie losse sharpe wreck did he eschew.
That Sirdon lesse aside did naked slip.
Once naked grace no outward garment knew,
Rich are his robes whome sin did never strip.
That in vaynes displaid prides fayrest flags.
Disrob'd of grace, am wrapt in *Adams* rags.

77.

When traytor to the sonne, in mothers eyes,
I shall present my humble sute for grace,
What blush can paint the shame that will arise,
Or write my inward feeling in my face?
Might she the sorrow with the sinner see,
Though I despisd, my griefe might pitied be.

78.

But ah, how can her eares my speech endure,
Or sent my breath, still reking hellish steeme?
Can mother like what did the Sonne abiure,
Or hart deflowr'd a virgins loue redeeme?
The Mother nothing loues that Sõne doth loth,
Oh loathsome wretch, detested of them both.

79.

O Sister Nymphes, the sweet renowned payre,
That blesse *Bethania's* bounds with your abode:
Shall I infect that sanctified ayre,
Or stain those steps wher *Iesus* breath'd, & trod?
O let your prayers perfum that sweeped place:
Arme me with Tygers to the wildest chase.

Could

80.

Could I reuiued Lazarus behold,
The third of that sweet Trinity of Saints;
Would not astonish't dread my senses hold?
Ah yes, my hart euen with his naming faints
I seeme to see a messenger from hell,
That my prepared torments comes to tell.

81.

O *Iohn*, O *Iames*, we made a triple cord.
Of three stoult louing and best loued friends:
My rotten twill was broken with a word,
Fit now to fuell fire amongst the fiends;
It is not euer true, though often spoken,
That triple twilled cord is hardly broken.

82.

The dispossessed Diuells that out I threw.
In IESVS name, now impiously forsworn,
Triumph to see me caged in their mew,
Trampling my ruines with contempt & scor
My perturies were musick to their daunce,
And now they heap disdaines on my mischa

83.

Our rocke (say they) is riuen, o welcome how
Our Eagles wings are clipt that soar'd so hie
our thūdrig cloud made noise but cast no sho
He prostrate lyes that would haue scal'd the
In womans tongue our runner found a rub,
Our Cedar now is shrunke into a shrub.

T

84.

...bes scornful words vpbraid my inward thoughts
...Proofs of their damned, prompters neighbours
...Such vgly gests still wait vpō the nought, sweet
...Friends warm to souls that swarue from vertues
...Forbeech of plighted truth, this true key-choice
...Ah, that my deed thus gaue my word the lie.

85.

...Once, & but once, too deere an once to twice it
...A heauen in earth, Saints ners my selfe I saw it
...Sweet was the sight, but sweeter loues did spice it
...But sights & loues did my misdeed with-draw
...From heauen & Saints, to hell & diuels strang'd
...Those sights to sights, those loues to hates ex-
86. (chang'd.

...Christ, as my God, was tempted in my thoughts,
...A man, he lent mine eyes their dearest light. A
...Our sinne, his temple hath to ruine brought:
...And now he lightneth terrour from his sights
...Low of my lay vnconsecrate desires,
...Prophaned wretch I cast the earned hires.

87.

...Ah sinne, the nothing that doth all things file;
...Out-cast frō heauē, earths curse, the cause of hell,
...Parent of Death, author of our Exile,
...The wreck of soules, the wares that fiends do sell:
...That men to monsters, Angels turnes to diuels:
...Strong of all rights, selfe ruine, roote of euils,

88.

89.

90.

91.

92.

Bewitching euill, that hides death in deceits,
Still borrowing lying shapes to maske thy face;
Now know I the deciphring of thy sleights,
A cunning deerely bought with losse of grace;
Thy fugred poyson now hath wrought so well,
That thou hast made me to my selfe a hell.

93.

My eye reades mournfull lessons to my hart,
My hart doth to my thoght the griefs expound,
My thoght the same doth to my toogue impart,
My tongue the message in the eares doth sound;
My eares back to my hart their sorrowes send,
Thus circling griefs run round without an end.

94.

My guiltie eye still seemes to see my sinne,
All things are Characters to spell my fall.
What eye doth read without, hart rues within,
What hart doth rue, to pensiue thought is gall:
Which whē the thought would by the tonge di-
The eare conueyes it backe into the brest. (gest,

95.

Thus gripes in all my parts doe neuer fayle,
Whose only league is now in barbring paines,
That I ingrosse, they traffique by retayle,
Taking each others miseries their gaines;
All bound, for euer, Prentices to care,
Whilst I in shop of shame trade sorrows ware.

96.

Pleasd with displeasing lot I seeke no change;
I wealthiest am when richest in remorse;
To fetch my ware no seas nor lands I range;
For customers to buy I nothing force.
My home-bred goods at home are bought & sold
And in my selfe the interest still I hold.

97.

My comfort now is comfortlesse to liue;
In Orphan state deuoted to mishap:
Rent from the root, that sweetest fruite did giue
I scorn'd to grafte in stock of meaner sap.
No iuyce can ioy me but of *Iesse* flower,
Whos heauenly roote hath true reuiuing power.

98.

At sorrows dore I knockt, they crau'd my name
I answered one, vnworthy to be knowne.
What one, say they? One worthiest of blame.
But who? a wretch, not Gods, nor yet his owne
A man? o no, a beast, much worse: what creature?
A rocke: how call'd? *The Rocke of Scandal, Peter.*

99.

From whence? from *Caiphas* house: ah dwell'st there?
Sins farme I rēted there, but now would leaue.
What rent? my soule; what gaine? vnrest, & fear.
Deere purchase? Ah too deere, wilt you receiue?
What shal we giue? fit teares, & times to plaine?
Come in, say they; thus griefs did entertaine.

100.

With them I rest true prisoner to their Layle,
Chayn'd in the yron linkes of baseſt thrall,
Till Grace vouchſafing captiue ſoule to bayle,
In wonted Sea degraded Loues enſtall.
Days paſſe in plaints, the nights without repoſe,
I wake, to weepe, I ſleepe in waking woes.

101.

Sleepe, deaths allye, oblivion of teares,
Silence of paſſions, balme of angry ſore,
Suſpence of loues ſecuritie of feares,
Wraths lenitiue, harts eaſe, ſtorms calmeſt ſhore,
Senſes and ſoules repriuall from all cumbers,
Benumming ſenſe of ill with quiet ſlumbers.

102.

Not ſuch my ſleepe, but whiſperer of dreames,
Creating ſtrange Chymera's, faygning frights:
Of day diſcourſes giuing fanſies beames, (ghts.
To make dum ſhewes with worlds of antick ſi-
Caſting true griefes in fanſies forging mold,
Brokenly telling tales rightly fore-told.

103.

This ſleepe moſt fitly ſuiteth ſorrowes bed,
Sorrow, the ſmart of euill, Sinnes eldeſt child:
Beſt, when vnkind in killing who it bred.
Rack for guiltie thoughts, a bit for wild.
The ſcorg that whips, the ſalu that cures offece:
Sorrow, my bed, & home, while life hath ſenſe.

104.

Heere solitarie Muses nurse my griefes,
In silent closenesse burying worldly noyse,
Attentiue to rebukes, deafe to reliefes,
Pensiue to foster cares, careless of ioyes:
Ruing liues-losse vnder deaths dreary roofes,
Solemnizing my funerall behooues.

105.

A selfe contempt the shroud, my soule the corse,
The Beere, an bubble hope, the hearse-cloth, feare
The morners, thoghts, in blacks of deepe remorse
The hearse, grace, pitty, loue, and mercy beare
My teares, my dole, the Priest a zealous will,
Pennace the tombe, & dolefull sighes the knill.

106.

Christ, health of feuer'd soule, heauen of the mind,
Force of the feeble, nurse of infant loues,
Guide to the wandring foote, light to the blind,
Whom weeping wins, repentant sorrow moues,
Father in care, mother in tender hart,
Reuiue, and saue me, slaine with sinfull dart.

107.

If King Manasses sunke in depth of sinne,
With plaints & teares recouerd grace & crowne,
A worthles worme some mild regard may win,
And lowly creep, whez flying threw it downe,
A poore desire I haue to weed my ill,
I should, I would, I dare not lay, I will.

108.

I dare not say I will, but wish I may,
My pride is checkt, high words the speaker spilt:
My good, o Lord, thy gift, thy strength, my stay,
Giue what thou bidst, & thē bid what thou wilt
Worke with me what thou of me do'st request,
Then will I dare the most, and vow the best.

109.

Prone look, croſt arms, bent kne, & cōtrite hart,
Deepe ſighs, thick ſobs, dew'd eyes, and proſtrate prayers,
Moſt hūbly beg releaſe of earned ſmart,
And ſauing ſhroud in mercies ſweet repaires.
If iuſtice ſhould my wrongs with rigor wage:
Feares, would deſpaires; ruth, breed a hopeleſſe rage.

110.

Lazar at pitties gate I vlcer'd lye,
Craving the refuſe crums of childrens plate:
My ſores, I lay in view to mercies eye,
My rags beare witnes of my poore eſtate;
The worms of cōſciēce that within me ſwarme
Proue that my plaints are leſſe thē is my harme.

111.

With mildnes, *Ieſu*, meaſure mine offence;
Let true remorſe thy due reuenge abate;
Let teares appeaſe when treſpaſſe doth incenſe:
Let pitty temper thy deſerued hate.
Let grace forgiue, let loue forget my fall,
With feare I craue, with hope I humbly call.

112.

Redeeme my lapse with ransome of thy loue,
Trauerse thInditement, rigors doome suspend:
Let frailty fauour, sorrowes succour moue,
Be thou thy selfe, though changeling I offend.
Tender my suite, cleanse this defiled denne,
Cancell my debts, sweet Iesu, say Amen.

The end of S. Peters Complaint.

IN eaues, sole *Sparrow* sits not more alone,
Nor mourning *Pelican* in desert wilds:
Then silly I, that solitary mone,
From highest hopes to hardest hap exildet
Sometime (o blisfull time) was Vertues meed,
Ayme to my thoughts, guid to my word & deed.

But feares are now my Peeres, grief my delight,
My tears my drink, my famisht thoghts my bred:
Day full of dumps, Nurse of vnrest the night,
My garments guiuet, a bloudy field my bed.
My sleepe is rather death, then deaths allie,
Yet kil'd with murdring pangues, I cannot die.

This is the chaunce of my ill changed choyce,
Ruth for my rest, for comforts cares I hoord,
To pleasant tunes succeeds a playning voyce,
The dolefull Eccho of my wayling mind:
Wch taught to know the worth of vertues ioyes,
Doth hate it selfe for louing Fancies toyes.

If wiles of wit had ouer-wrought my will,
Or subtile traines misled my stepps awrie,
My foyle had found excuse in want of skill,
Ill deed I might, though not ill doone denie:
But wit & will must now confesse with shame,
Both deed & doome, to haue deserued blame.

I Fancy deem'd fit guide to leade my way,
And as I deem'd, I did pursue her track;
Wit lost his syne, and will was Fancies prey,
The Rebels wan, the Rulers went to wrack:
But now sith Fancy did with folly end, (med.
Wit bought with losse, Will taught by wit, will

My sins, o Lord, do ouercharge thy breft,
The poyse therof do force thy knees to bow;
Yea flat thou fallest with my faults oppreft,
And bloudy sweat runs trickling frō thy brow:
But had they not to earth thus pressed thee,
Much more they would in hell haue pestred me.

This Globe of earth doth thy one finger prop,
The world thou dost within thy hand imbrace,
Yet all this waight of sweat drew not a drop,
Nor made thee bow, much lesse fall on thy face:
But now thou hast a load so heauy found,
That makes thee bow, yea fal flat to the ground.

O sinne, how huge and heauy is thy waight,
That waighest more then all the world beside?
Of which when Christ had taken in his fraight
The poyse therof his flesh could not abide;
Alas, if God himselfe sinke vnder sinne,
What will become of man, that dies therein?

First, ſlat thou fal'ſt, whē earth did thee receiue,
In Cloſet pure of Maries Virgin breſt;
And now thou fal'ſt, of earth to take thy leaue,
Thou kiſſeſt it, as cauſe of thy vnreſt:
O louing Lord, that ſo do'ſt loue thy foe,
As thus to kiſſe the ground where he doth go.

Thou minded in thy heauē our earth to weare,
Do'ſt proſtrate now thy heauē our earth to kiſſe;
As God, to earth thou often wert ſeuere,
As man, thou cal'ſt a peace with bleeding kiſſe:
For as of ſoules thou common Father art,
So is the Mother of mans nther part.

She ſhortly was to drink thy deareſt blood,
And yield thy ſoule a way to Sathans cauc;
She ſhortly was thy corſe in tombe to ſhrowd,
And with them all thy Deity to haue:
Now then in me thou ioyntly yieldeſt all,
That ſeuerally to earth ſhould ſhortly fall.

O proſtrate Chriſt, erect my crooked mind,
Lord let thy fall my flight from earth obtaine;
Or if I needs muſt ſtill in earth be ſhrind,
Then Lord on earth come fall yet once againe:
And either yield in earth with me to lie,
Or els to take me from this miſery.

Retyred thoghts enioy their owne delight
As beauty doth in lelse-beholding eye:
Mans mind a mirrour is of heauenly sights,
A Briefe wherin all mercuailes summed lye:
Of fayrest formes, & sweeteſt shapes the store,
Most graceful all, yet thoght may grace the more

The Mind a creature is, yet can create,
To Natures patternes adding higher skill:
Of fineſt works Wit better could the state,
If force of Wit had equall power of Will.
Deuise of man in working hath no end, (mend
What thought can think, another thought can

Mans Soule of endleſſe Beauties Image is,
Drawn by the worke of endleſſe skill & might
This skilfull might gaue many sparks of bliſſe,
And to discerne this bliſſe a nariue light.
To frame Gods Image as his worth required,
His might, his skill, his word, & will conspired

All that he had, his Image should present,
All that it should present he could afford;
To that he could afford his will was bent,
His will was followed with performing word
Let this suffice; by this conceiue the reſt,
He should, he could, he would, he did the beſt.

Where warres are weak, & foes for bring fight,
Where mightier do assault then do defend,
The feebles part puts vp inforced wrong,
And silent lees, that speach could not amend:
Yet higher powrs must think, though they repine,
When sunne is set, the litle starres will shine.

While Pike doth range, the silly Tench doth fly,
And crouch in priuie crecks with smaller fish:
Yet Piks are caught when little fish go by.
These fleet a flote, while those do fill the dish.
There is a time euen for the wormes to creep,
And suck the dew while al their foes do sleep.

The *Marlin* cannot euer soare on high,
Nor *Grey-hound* still pursue his eager chase,
The tender *Larke* will find a time to flie,
And fearefull *Hare* to runne a quiet race.
He that high growth on *Cedars* did bestow,
Saue lowly *Mushrumps* also leaue to grow.

In *Amans* pompe poore *Mardochaus* wept:
Yet God did turne his face vpon his foe.
The *Lazar* pin'd, while *Diues* feast was kept.
Yet he to heauen, to hell hid *Diues* go.
We trample grasse, & prize the flowers of May,
But grasse is green, when flowers do fade away.

The

The lopped trees in time may grow againe,
Most naked plants renew both fruit & flowe
The sorriest wight may find release of paine,
The driest soyle suck in some moysture showe
Times go by turns, & chances change by course
From foule to faire, from better hap to worse.

The Sea of Fortune doth not euer flow,
She drawes her fauours to the lowest ebbe,
Her tyde hath equall times to come and go,
Her Loome doth weaue the fine and course
No ioy so great, but runneth to an end, (webbe
No hap so hard, but may in fine amend.

Not alwayes fall of leafe, nor euer spring,
No endles Night, nor yet eternall Day:
The saddest Birds a season find to sing,
The roughest storme a calme may soone alay.
Thus with succeeding turnes God tempereth all
That man may hope to rise, yet feare to fall.

A chaunce may win that by mischance was lost
The net that holds no great, takes little fish,
In some things all, in all things none are crost
Few all they need, but none haue all they wish
Vnmedled ioyes heere to no man befall,
Who least, hath some, who most, hath neuer all.

S. Pete

By Force I liue, in Will I wish to dye,
In plaint I passe the length of lingring daies,
Free would my soule from mortall body flye,
And tread the tracke of deaths desired wayes:
Life is but losse, where death is deemed gaine,
And loathed pleasures breed displeasing paine.

Who would not dye to kill so murdring greefes.
Or who would liue in neuer dying feares?
Who wold not wish his treasure safe frõ theeues,
And quit his hart from pãgues, his eyes frõ teares?
Death parteth, but two euer fighting foes,
Whose ciuill strife, doth worke our endles woes.

Life is a wandring course to doubtfull rest,
As soft a cursed ryse to damning leape;
As happy race to winne a heauenly crest,
None being sure, what finall frutes to reape.
And who can like, in such a life to dwell,
Whos ways are strait to heau'n, but wide to hell?

Come cruell death, why lingrest thou so long?
What doth w^th hold thy dint from fatal stroke?
I ready am (alas) thou dost me wrong.
To let my liue more anger to prouoke.
Thy right is had, whẽ thou hast stopt my breath,
Why shold'st thou stay, to work my doble death?

If

If *Saules* attempt in falling on his blade,
As lawfull were, as eath to put in vre:
If *Samsons* leaue a common law were made,
Of *Abels* lot if all that would were sure:
Then cruell death thou shouldst the Tyrāt play
With none but such, as wished for delay.

Where life is lou'd, thou ready art to kill,
And to abridge with sodaine pangues their ioy;
Wher life is lothd thou wilt not work their will
But dost adiourne their death to their annoy.
To some thou art a fierce vnbidden guest,
But those that craue thy help, thou helpest least.

Auaunt foule monster, I thy spight defie,
There is a God that ouer-rules thy force,
Who can thy weapons to his Will apply,
And shorten, or prolong our brittle course:
I on his mercy, not thy might relye,
To him I liue, for him I hope to dye.

FINIS.

S. MARY MAGDALENS FVNERALL TEARES,

Written by R. S. of the Society of IESVS.

Luctum Vnigeniti fac tibi planctum amarum.

Ierem. 6. vers. 26.

SUMMARY

OF MAGDALENS

FUNERALL

TEARES.

Written by R. S. of the Society of
IESVS.

Lachrymæ virginis flet tibi plu-
rimum.

Term. 6. vol. 56.

TO THE RIGHT WORTHY AND VERTVOVS *Gentle-woman, M^rs. D. A.*

YOVR vertuous Requeſt to which your Deſerts gaue the force of a Commandement, wonne me to ſatisfie your Deuotion, in penning ſome little Diſcourſe of the Bleſſed *Mary Magdalen*. And among other glorious exāples of this Saints life, I haue made choice of her FVNERAL TEARES, in which as ſhe moſt vttered the great vehemency of her feruent Loue to Chriſt: ſo hath ſhe giuen therin largeſt Scope to dilate vpon the ſame. A Treame pleaſing I hope vnto your ſelfe, and fitteſt for this time. For as Paſſion, and eſpecially this of Loue, is in theſe dayes the chiefe commaunder of moſt mens actions, and the Idol to which

both tongues and pennes doe sacrifice their ill bestowed labours: So is there nothing now more needful to be intreated, than how to direct their Humours vnto their due Courses, and to draw this flood of affection into the right Channel.

Passions I allow, and Loues I approue, only I would wish that men would alter their obiect, and better their intent. For Passions being sequels of our Nature, and allotted vnto vs as the Hand-maides of Reason; there can be no doubt, but that as their Authour is good, and their end godly: so their vse tempered in the meane, implieth no offence. Loue is but the infancy of true Charity, sucking yet Natures teate, and swathed in her bandes, which then groweth to perfection, when Faith besides naturall motiue proposeth higher and nobler grounds of amity.

Hatred and Anger are the necessary Officers of Prowesse and Iustice: Courage being cold and dull, and Iustice in due reuenge slacke and careleſſe, where hate

of

of the fault doth not make it odious: and Anger letteth not an edge on the sword that punisheth or preventeth wronges.

Desire and Hope are the parents of diligence & industrie, the Nurses of Perseverance and Constancy, the seedes of valour and magnanimity, the death of sloth, and the breath of all Vertue.

Feare and Dislike are the scoutes of Discretion, the Harbinger of Wisdome and Policie, killing idle Repentance in the cradle, and curbing Rashnesse with Deliberation. Audacity is the armour of strength, & the guide to glory, breaking the ice to the hardest exploites, & crowning valour with most Honourable Victorie.

Sorrow is the sister of Mercy, and a waker of compassion, weeping with others teares, & grieued with their harmes. It is both the salue and smart of sinne, curing that which it chastiseth with true remorse, and preventing need of new cure with the detestation of the disease.

Despaire of successe, is a bitte against euill attempts, and the hearte of idle hopes ending endlesse things in their first motion to begin. True ioy is the rest and reward of vertue, sealoming difficulties with delight, and giuing a present assay of future happinesse. Finally, there is no passion but hath a seruiceable vse, either in the pursuite of good, or auoydance of euill, and they are all benefites of God and helpes of nature, so long as they are kept vnder Vertues Correction.

But as too much of the best is euill, and excesse in Vertue is vice: so Passions set loose without limmits are imperfections, nothing being good that wanteth measure. And as the sea is vnfit for traffieke, not only when the windes are too boisterous, but also when they are too still; and a middle gale and motion of the waues serueth best the sailers purpose: So neither too stormy, nor too calme a mind giueth Vertue the first course, but a middle temper betweene them both, in which the

ordered

ordered passions are wrought to prosecute, not suffered to peruert any vertuous endeauour.

Such were the passions of this Holy Saint, which were not guides to reason, but attendantes vpon it, and commaunded by such a loue as could neuer exceed, because the thing loued was of infinite perfection. And if her weakenesse of faith (an Infirmity then common to all Christes Disciples) did suffer her vnderstanding to be deceaued: yet was her will so setled in a most sincere & perfect loue, that it led all her passions with the same bias, recompensing the want of beliefe, with the strange effects of an excellent Charity.

This Loue and these Passions are the subiect of this discourse, which though it reach not to the dignity of this Glorious Saintes deserts: yet shall I thinke my endeauour well appaid, if it may woe some skilfuller penns from vnworthy labour, rather to supply in this matter my want

of ability, or in other of like piety (whereof the Scripture is full) to exercise their happier talents. I know that none can expresse a Passion that he feeleth not, neither doth the Pen deliver but what it coppieth out of the mind. And therefore sith the finest wits are now giue to write passionate discourses, I would wish them to make choice of such passions, as it neither should be shame to vtter, nor sinne to feele.

But whether my wishes in this behalf take effect or no, I reape at the least the reward of my paines, that I haue shewed my desire to answere your Courtesie, and set forth the due praises of your Glorious Patronesse.

Yours euer,

R.

TO THE READER.

MAny suting their labours to the popular veyne, and guided by the gale of vulgar breath, haue dinnulged diuers pathetic all discourses, in which if they had shewed as much care to profit, as they haue done desire to please, their workes would much more haue honoured their names, and auailed the Readers. But it is a iust complaint amongst the better sort of persons, that the finest wits loose themselues in the vainest follies, spilling much Art in some idle phansie, and leaning their workes as witnesses how long they haue been in trauaile, to be in fine deliuered of a fable. And sure it is a thing greatly to be lamented, that men of so high conceit, should so much abase their abilities, that when they haue racked them to

the vtmost endeauour, all the praise that they take of their Inuention, consisteth in this, that they haue wisely told a foolish tale, and carried a long tale very smoothly to the end. Yet this inconuenience might find some excuse, if the drift of their discourse leuelled at any vertuous marke. For in fables are often figured moral truths, & that couertly ordered to a common good, which without a maske would not find so free a passage. But when the substance of the worke hath neither truth nor probability, nor the purport therof tendeth to any honest end, the writer is rather to be pitied then praysed, and his bookes fitter for the fire then for the presse. This common ouersight more haue obserued, then ende anoured to salue, euery one being able to reproue, none willing to redresse such faults, authorized especially by generall custome. And though if necessity (the lawlesse Patrone of inforced actions) had no more preuailed then choise, this worke of so different a subiect from the vsuall veine, should haue beene no eye-sore to those that are pleased with worse matters. Yet sith

the

copies thereof slew so fast, and so false a-
ound, that it was in danger to come corrup-
d to the print; it seemed a lesse evill to let it
ie to common view in the native plume, and
ith the owne wings, then disguised in a coat
f a bastard feather, or cast off from the fist of
ch a corrector, as might happily haue peri-
ed the sound, and stucke in some sicke and
ry feathers of his owne phansies. It may be
hat courteous skill will reckon this, though
urse in respect of other exquisite labors, not
nsit to entertaine well tempered humors, both
ith pleasure and profit, the ground thereof
eing in scripture, and the forme of enlarging
, an imitation of the ancient doctours, in the
me and other points of like tenour. This
mmoditie at the least it will carry with it,
hat the reader may learne to loue without im.
oofe of purity, & teach his thoughtes either
tẽper passion in the meane, or to giue the bri-
e only where the exceesse cãnot be faulty. Let
e worke defend it selfe, and euery one passe
s Censure as he seeth cause. Many Carpes
e expected when curious eyes come a fishing.

But

But the care is already taken, and Pati
waiteth at the Table, ready to take a
when that Dish is serued in, and
make roome for others to set
on the desired
Fruit.

R.

SAIN

SAINT MARY MAGDALENS FVNERALL TEARES.

AMONGST other mournfull accidents of the Passion of Christ, that Loue presenteth it selfe vnto my memory, with which the B. *Mary Magdalen* louing our Lord more then her life, followed him in his iourney to his death, attending vpon him when his Disciples fled, and being more willing to die with him, then they to liue without him. But not finding the fauour, to accompany him in death, and loathing after him to remaine in life, the fire of her true affection inflamed her hart, and her inflamed hart resolued into vncessant teares: so that burning and bathing betweene loue and griefe, she led a life euer dying, and felt a death neuer ending. And when he by whome she liued was dead, and she for whom he died inforcedly left aliue, she praised the dead more then

[illegible] the liuing, and hauing left the light of
her life, she desired to dwell in darkenesse, &
in the shadow of death; choosing Christs
Tombe for her best home, & his corse for her
chiefe comfort. For Mary (as the Euangelist
saith) stood without at the Tombe weeping.

But (alas) how vnfortunate is this woman
to whome neither life will afford a desired
farewell, nor death allow any wished welcome?
She hath abandoned the liuing, and
beholden the company of the dead, and now it
seemeth that euen the dead haue forsaken her,
sith the corse she seeketh is taken away from
her. And this was the cause that loue induced her to stand, and sorrow enforced her to
weep. Her eye was watchfull to seek whom
her hart most longed to enioy, and her foot
in a redinesse to runne, if her eye should
chaunce to espie him. And therefore she standeth to be still stirring, prest to watch euery
way, and prepared to go whither any hope
should call her. But she wept because she had
such occasion of standing, and that which
moued her to watch was the motiue of her
teares. For as she watched to find whome she
had lost, so she wept for hauing lost whom
she loued, her poore eye being troubled at once
with two contrary offices, both to be clear

in

sight the better to seeke him, & yet clouds with teares for mistaking the light of him.

Yet was not this the entrance but the increase of her griefe, not the beginning but the renewing of her moane. For first she mourned for the departing of his soule out of his body, and now she lamented the taking of his body out of the graue, being punished with two wrekes of her onely welfare, both full of misery, but the last without all comfort. The first originall of her sorrow grew because she could not enioy him a liue; yet this sorrow had some solace, for that she hoped to haue enioyed him dead.

But when she considered that his life was already lost, and now not so much as his body could be found, she was wholy daunted with dismay, sith this vnhappines admitted no help. She doubted least the loue of her maister (the only portion that her Fortune had left her) would soon languish in her cold brest, if it neither had his words to kindle it, nor his presence to cherish it, nor so much as his dead ashes to rake it vp. She had prepared her spices and prouided her ointments, to pay him the last tribute of eternall duties. And though S. *Ioseph* & *Nicademus* had already bestowed a hundred pounds of Myrrh & Aloes,

Which

which was in quantity sufficient, in quality of the best, and as well applyed as art and deuotion could deuise: yet such was her loue, that she would haue thought any quantity too little, except hers had been added, the best in quality too meane except hers were with it, and no diligence in applying it inough, except her seruice were in it. Not that she was sharp in censuring that which others had done, but because loue made her so desirous to do all her selfe, that though all had been done that she could deuise, and as well as she could wish, yet vnlesse she were an Actor, it would not suffice, sith loue is as eager to be vttered in effects, as it is zealous in true affection. She came therfore now meaning to embalme his corpes, as she had before anoynted his feet, and to preserue the reliques of his body, as the only remnant of all blisse. And as in the spring of her felicity she had washed his feet with her tears, bewayling vnto him the death of her owne soule: so now she came in the depth of her misery, to shedde them fresh, for the death of his body. But when she saw the graue open, and the body taken out, the labor of embalming was preuented, but the cause of her weeping increased, and he that was wanting to her obsequies, was

not wanting to her teares, and though she found not whome to annoint, yet found she whome to lament.

And not without cause did S. Mary complaine, finding her first anguish doubled with a second griefe, and being surcharged with two most violent sorrowes in one afflicted hart. For hauing setled her whole affections vpon Christ, and summ'd all her desires and wishes into the loue of his goodnesse, as nothing could equall his worthes: so was there not in the whole world, either a greater benefite for her to enioy then himselfe, or any greater domage possible then his losse.

The murdering in his one death, the life of all lifes, left a generall death in all liuing creatures, and his decease not only disrobed our nature of her most royall ornaments, but impouerished the world of all highest perfections. What meruaile therefore though her vehement loue to so louely a Lord, being after the wrecke of his life, now also deprived of his dead body, feele as bitter pangues for his losse, as before it tasted ioyes in his presence, and open as large an issue to teares of sorrow, as euer heertofore to teares of contentment? And though teares were rather oile than water to her flame, apter to nourish

then diminish her griefe: yet now being plunged in the depth of paine, she yeelded her selfe captiue to all discomfort, carrying an ouerthrowne mind in a more enfeebled body, and still busie in deuising, but euer doubtfull in defining what shee might best doe. For what could a sillie woman doe but weepe, that floating in a sea of cares, found neither eare to heare her, nor tongue to direct her, nor hand to helpe her, nor heart to pittie her in her desolate case? True it is, that *Peter* and *Iohn* came with her to the Tombe, and to make trial of her report were both within it: but as they were speedie in comming, and diligent in searching, so were they as quicke to depart, and fearfull of further seeking. And alas, what gained she by their comming, but two witnesses of her losse, two dismayers of her hope, and two patterns of a new despaire? Loue moued them to come, but their loue was soone conquered with such a feare, that it suffered them not to stay. But *Mary* hoping in despaire, and perseuering in hope, stood without feare, because shee now thought nothing left that ought to be feared. For shee had lost her maister to whom shee was so entirely deuoted, that hee was the totall of her loues, the height of her hopes, and the vtter-

most

most of her feare, and therfore besides him, she could neither loue other creature, hope for other comfort, nor feare other losse. The worst she could feare was the death of her body, and that she rather desired then feared, sith she had already lost the life of her soule, without which, any other life would be a death, and with which any other death would haue been a delight. But now she thought it better to die then to liue, because she might happily dying find, whome not dying she looked not to enioy, and not enioying she had little will to liue. For now she loued nothing in her life, but her loue to Christ, and if any thing did make her willing to liue, it was only the vnwillingnesse that his Image should die with her, whose likenesse, loue had limitted in her hart, and treasured vp in her sweetest memories. And had she not feared to breake the Table, and to breake open the closet, to which she had entrusted this last Relique of her lost happinesse, the violence of grief would haue melted her hart into inward bleeding teares, & blotted her remembrance with a fatall obliuion. And yet neuertheless, she is now in so imperfect a sort aliue, that it is proued true in her, that, *Loue is as strong as death*. For what could

...ane done more in S. Mary, then loue ... Her witts were astonished, and all her ... so amazed, that in the end finding she ... not know, seeing she could not discerne, ...aring she perceiued not, and more then all ...his, she was not there where she was, for she was wholy where her Maister was, more where she loued, then where she liued, and lesse in her selfe then in his body, which notwithstanding where it was she could not imagine. For she sought, and as yet found not, and therfore stood at the Tombe weeping for it, being now altogether giuen to mourning and driuen to misery.

But O B. Mary, by whose counsaile, vpon what hope, or with what hart, couldest thou stand alone, when the Disciples were departed? Thou wert there once before they came, thou returnedst againe at their comming, and yet now thou staiest when they are gone. Alas that thy Lord is not in the Tombe, thy owne eyes haue often seene, the Disciples handes haue felt, the empty Syndon doth auouch, and cannot all this winne thee to beleeue it? No no, thou would'st rather condemne thy owne eyes of error, and both their eyes and handes of deceit, yea rather suspect all testimonies for vntrue, then not looke whome thou

thou haſt loſt, euen there, where by no[t] gence he could be found. When thou th[ink] of other places, and canſt not imagine any [as] likely as this, thou ſeeke ſt againe in this, and though neuer ſo often ſought, it muſt ſtill be a haunt for hope. For when things dearly affected are loſt, loues nature is neuer to be weary of ſearching euen the oftneſt ſearched corners, being more willing to thinke that all the ſenſes are miſtaken, thē to yeeld that hope ſhould quaile. Yet now ſith it is ſo euident, that he is taken away, what ſhould moue thee to remaine heere where the perill is apparant and no profit likely? Can the wit of one (& ſhe a woman) wholy poſſeſſed with paſſion, haue more light to diſcerne daunger then two witts of two men, and both principall fauourites of the parent of all wiſedome? Or if (notwithſtanding the daunger) there had been iuſt cauſe to encounter it, were not two together, being both to Chriſt ſworn champions, eeh to other affied friends, and to all his enemies profeſſed foes, more likely to haue preuailed, then one feminine hart, timorous by kind, & already amazed with this dreadfull accident?

But alas, why do I vrge her with reaſon, whoſe reaſon is altered into loue, and that

iudgeth it folly to follow such reason, as should any way impaire her loue? Her thoughts were arested by euery thred of Christs Sindon, & she was captiue in so many prisons, as the Tombe had memories of her lost maister: Loue being her Iailor in them al and nothing able to ransome her, but the recouery of her Lord. What meruaile then though the Apostles examples drew her not away, whome so violent a loue enforced to remaine, which prescribing lawes both to wit and will, is guided by no other law but it selfe? She could not thinke of any feare, nor stand in feare of any force. Loue armed her against all hazards, and being already wounded with the greatest griefe, she had no leasure to remember any lesser euill. Yea she had forgotten all things, and her selfe among all things, only mindfull of him, whome she loued aboue all things. And yet her loue by reason of her losse, drowned both her mind and memory so deep in sorrow, and so busied her wits in the conceit of his absence, that all remembrance of his former promises, was diuerted with the throng of preset discomfort, and she seemed to haue forgotten also him besides whome she remembred nothing. For doubtlesse had she remembred him as she

should

should, she would not haue now thought the Tombe a fit place to seek him, neither would she mourn for him as dead, and remoued by others force, but ioy in him as reuiued, and risen by his owne power. For he had often foretold both the manner of his death, and the day of his resurrection. But (alas) let her heauines excuse her, and the vnwontednesse of the miracle plead her pardon, sith dread & amazement hath dulled her senses, distempered her thoughtes, discouraged her hopes, awaked her passions, and left her no other liberty but only to weep.

She wept therfore, being only able to weep. And, *As he was weeping, she stouped downe, and looked into the Monument & she saw two Angels in white, sitting one at the head, and another at the feet, where the body of Iesus had been laid. They said vnto her, Woman why weepest thou?*

O B. Mary, thy good hap exceedeth thy hope, and where thy last sorrow was bred, thy first succour springeth. Thou diddest seek but one, and thou hast found two. A dead body was they errand, and thou hast light vpon two aliue. Thy weping was for a man, & thy teares haue obtained Angels. Suppresse now thy sadnesse, and refresh thy hart with this good Fortune. These Angels inuite thee to a

parley, they seeme to take pitty of thy case, s
it may be they haue some happy tidings to t
thee. Thou hast hitherto sought in vayne, t
one either vnseene, or vnknowne, or at the lea
vnregarded, sith the party thou seekest, nei
ther tendereth thy teares, nor answereth th
cries, nor relenteth with thy lamentings. Ei
ther he doth not heare, or he will not help, h
hath peraduenture left to loue thee, and
loath to yeeld thee relefe, and therfore tak
such comfort as thou findest, sith thou art no
so luckie, as to find that which thou couldes
wish. Remember what they are, where the
sit, from whence they come, and to whom
they speake. They are Angels of peace, nei
ther sent without cause, nor seene but of fa
pour. They sit in the Tombe, to shew tha
they are no strangers to thy losse. They com
from Heauen, from whence all happy new
discendeth. They speak to thy selfe, as though
they had some speciall Embassage to deliue
vnto thee: Aske them therfore of thy maister
for they are likeliest to returne thee a desire
answere. Thou knewest him too well t
thinke that hell hath deuoured him, thou ha
long sought, and hast not found him in earth
and what place so fit for him as to be in hea
uen? Aske therefore of those Angels the
cam

came newly from thence, and it may be their report will highly please thee. Or if thou art resolued to continue thy seeking, who can better help thee then they that are so swift as thy thought, as faithfull as thy owne hart, & as louing to thy Lord as thou thy selfe? Take therfore thy good hap, least it be taken away from thee, and content thee with Angels, sith thy Maister hath giuen thee ouer.

But alas what meanes this change, and how hapneth this strange alteration? The time hath beene that fewer teares would haue wrought greater effect, shorter seeking haue sooner found, and lesse payne haue procured more pitty. The time hath beene that thy annoynting his feete, was accepted and praised, thy washing them with teares highly commended, and thy wyping them with thy haire, most courteously construed. How then doth it now fall out, that hauing brought thy sweet Oyles, to annoynt his whole body, hauing shed as many teares, as would haue washed more then his feete, and hauing not onely thy haire but thy heart ready to serue him, he is not moued with all these duties, so much as once to afford thee his sight? Is it not he that reclaimed thee from thy wandring courses, that dispossessed thee of thy di-

pad inhabitants, and from the wiles of sin recouered thee into the fold and family of his flocke? Was not thy house his home, his loue thy life, thy selfe his disciple? Did not he defend thee against the Pharisie, plead for thee against *Iudas*, and excuse thee to thy sister? In summe, was not he thy patron and protector in all thy necessityes?

O good Iesu what hath thus estranged thee from her? Thou hast heretofore so pitied her teares, that seing them thou couldst not refrayne thine. In one of her greatest agonyes for loue of her, that so much loued thee, thou didst recall her dead brother to life, turning her complaint into vnexpected contentment. And we know that thou doest not vse to alter course without cause, nor to chastice without desert. Thou art the first that inuitest, and the last that forsakest, neuer leauing but first left, and euer offring, till thou art refused. How then hath she forfayted thy fauour? Or with what trespasse hath shee earned thy ill will? That she neuer left to loue thee, her heate will depose, her hand wil subscribe, her tongue will protest, her teares will testifie and her seeking doth assure.

And alas, is her particuler case so farre from example, that thou should'st rather alter thy

ture, than she better her fortune, and be to
er as thou art to no other? For our parts
nce thy last shew of liking towards her, we
ound no other fault in her, but that she was
he earliest vp to seeke thee, readiest to an-
oynt thee, and when shee sawe that
hou wert remooued, shee forthwith did
weep for thee, and presently went for help
o find thee. And wheras those two that she
rought, being lesse carefull of thee, then fea-
full of themselues, when they had seen what
he had said, sodainly shrunke away, behold
he stil staieth, she still seeketh, she still wee-
peth. If this be a fault, we cannot deny but
his she doth, and to this she perswadeth,
yea this she neither meaneth to amend, nor
requeſt thee to forgiue: if therefore thou rec-
koneſt this as punishable, punished she muſt
be, sith no excuſe hath effect where the fact
pleadeth guilty. But if this import not any
offence but a true affection, and be rather a
good desire then an euill desert, why art thou
so hard a Iudge to so soft a creature, requiring
her loue with thy losse, and suſpending her
hopes in this vnhappines? Are not these thy
words; *I loue those that loue me, and who watcheth
early for me shall find me?* Why then doth not this
woman find thee, that was vp so early to
watch

watch for thee? Why doest thou not with l
repay her, that bestoweth vpon thee
whole loue, sith thy word is her warrãt, a
thy promise her due debt? Art thou lesse m
ued with these teares that she sheddeth
thee her only Maister, then thou wert wi
those that she shed before thee for her decea
brother? Or doth her loue to thy seruau
more please thee, then her loue to thy self
Our loue to others must not be to them, b
to thee in them. For he loueth thee so mu
the lesse, that loueth any thing with thee, th
he loueth not for thee. If therefore she h
deserued well for louing thee in another, s
deserueth better now for louing thee in th
selfe: and if indeed thou loues those that lo
thee, make thy word good to her, that is
farre in loue with thee. Of thy selfe thou ha
said, that thou art, *The way, the truth, and the li*
If then thou art a way easie to find and neue
erring, how doth she misse thee? If a life g
uing life and neuer ending, why is she read
to die for thee? If a true promising truth a
neuer failing, how is she bereaued of thee? Fo
if what thy tongue did speake, thy truth wi
auerre, she will neuer aske more to make h
most happy. Remember that thou saidst
her sister, that *Mary had chosen the best par*
whi

which should not be taken from her. That she chose the best part is out of question, sith she made choyse of nothing but only of thee. But how can it be verified, that this part shall not be taken from her, sith thou that art this part, art already taken away? If she could haue kept thee, she would not haue lost thee, and had it been in her power, as it was in her will, she would neuer haue parted from thee: and might she now be restored to thy presence, she would trie all Fortunes rather then forgoe thee. Sith therefore she seeketh nothing but what she chose, and the losse of her choise is the only cause of her combat, either vouchsafe thou to keep this best part she chose, or I see not how it can be true, that it shall not be taken from her. But thy meaning happily was, that though it be taken from her eyes, yet it should neuer be taken from her heart, and it may be thy inward presence supplieth thine outward absence: yet I can hardly thinke, but that if S. Mary had thee within her, she could feele it, and if she felt it, she would neuer seeke thee. Thou art too hot a fire to be in her bosome, and not to burne her, and thy light is to great, to leaue her mind in this darknesse if it shined in her. In true louers euery part is an eye, and euery thought a

looke

looke, and therefore so sweet an obiect a-
mongst so many eyes, and in so great a light
could neuer lie so hidden but loue would es-
py it. No no, if Mary had thee, her innocent
hart neuer taught to dissemble, could not ma-
ke complaint the outside of a concealed com-
fort, neither would she turne her thoughts to
pasture in a dead mans Tombe, if at home she
might bid them to so heauenly a banquet.
Her loue would not haue a thought to spare,
nor a minute to spend, in any other action
then in enioying of thee, whome she knew
too well, to abridge the least part in her from
so high a happinesse. For her thirst of thy pre-
sence was so exceeding, and the sea of thy
ioyes so wellable to afford her a full draught,
that though euery parcell in her should take
in a whole tide of thy delights, she would
thinke them too few to quiet her desires.
Yea doubtles if she had thee within her, she
would not enuy the Fortune of the richest
Empresse, yea she would more reioyce to be
thy Tombe in earth then a throne in heauen,
and disdaine to be a Saint if she were wor-
thy to be but thy shrine.

But peraduenture it is now with her mind
as it was with the Apostles eyes, and as they
seeing thee walke vpon the sea, tooke thee
for

or a Ghoſt, ſo ſhe ſeeing thee in her heart, ſeemeth thee but a fancy, being yet better acquainted with thy bodily ſhape, than with thy ſpirituall power.

But O *B. Mary*, it ſeemeth too ſtrange that he whom thou ſeekeſt, and for whom thou weepeſt, ſhould thus giue thee over, to theſe paynfull fits, if in thee he did not ſee a cauſe for which he will not be ſeene of thee. Still thy playnt and ſtint thy weeping, for I doubt there is ſome treſpaſſe in thy teares, and ſome ſinne in thy ſorrow. Doeſt thou not remember his words to thee and to other women, when he ſayd: *Daughters of Ieruſalem weepe not vpon me, but weep vpon your ſelues, and vpon your children?* what meaneſt thou then to continue this courſe? Doth he forbid thy teares, and wilt thou not forbeare them? Is it no fault to infringe his will, or is not that his will, that his wordes doe import? The fault muſt be mended, ere the pennance be releaſed, and therfore eyther ceaſe to weepe, or neuer hope to finde. But I know this Logicke little pleaſeth thee, and I might as ſoone win thee to forbeare liuing, as to leaue weeping.

Thou wilt ſay that though hee forbad thee to weepe for him, yet hee left thee free, to weep for thy ſelfe, and ſith thy loue hath

made

maide thee one with him, thou weepest but for thy selfe when thou weepest for him. But I answere thee againe, that because he is one with thee, and thy weeping for him hath bin forbidden thee, thou canst not weepe for thy selfe, but his words will condemne thee. For if thou and he are one, for which soeuer thou weepest it is all one, and therefore sith for him thou mayst not weepe, forbeare all weeping, least it should offend.

Yea but (sayst thou) to barre me from weeping, is to abridge me of liberty, and restraint of liberty is a penalty, and euery penalty supposeth some offence: but an offence it is not to weepe for my selfe, for he would neuer commaund it, if it were not lawfull to do it. The fault therefore must be, in being one with him, that maketh the weeping for my selfe a weeping also for him. And if this be a fault, I will neuer amend it, and let them that thinke so, do pennance for it: for my part, sith I haue lost my mirth, I will make much of my sorrow, and sith I haue no ioy but in teares, I may lawfully shed them. Neyther thinke I his former word, a warrant against his later deed. And what neede he heere to weep vpon the Crosse, but for our example, which if it were good for him to giue

cannot be euill for me to follow? No no, it is not my weeping that causeth my losse, sith a world of eyes, and a sea of teares could not worthily bewayle the losse of such a maister.

Yet since, neyther thy seeking findeth, nor thy weeping preuayleth, satisfy thy selfe with the sight of Angels. Demaund the cause of their comming, and the reason of thy Lords remoue, and sith they first offer thee occasion of parley, be not thou too dayntie of thy discourse. It may be they can calme thy stormes, and quiet thy vnrest, and therefore conceale not from them thy sore, least thou lose the benefit of their emplaister. But nothing can moue *B. Mary* to admit comfort, or entertaine any company, for to one alone, and for euer she hath vowed her selfe, and except it be to him, she will neither lend her care long to others, nor borrow others help, least by seeking to allay her smart, she should lessen her loue. But drawing into her mind all pensiue conceits, she museth and pineth in a consuming languor, taking comfort in nothing but in being comfortlesse.

Alas saith she, small is the light that a starre can yeeld when the Sunne is downe, and a starry exchange to go gather crums after the losse of a heauenly repast. My eyes are not vsed

to see by the glims of a sparke: and in seeking the Sunne it is either needlesse, or bootles to borrow the light of a candle, such either must be wray it selfe with the selfe light, or no other light can euer discouer it. If they come to disburden me of my heauinesse, their comming will be burdensom vnto me, and they will load me more while they labour my relicfe. They cannot persuade me, that my maister is not lost, for my owne eyes will disproue them. They can lesse tell me where he may be found, for they would not be so simple to be so long from him: or if they can forbeare him, surely they do not know him whome none can truly know, and liue long without him. All their demurres would be tedious, and discourses irkesome. Impair my loue they might, but appay it they could not to which he that first accepted the debt is the only payment. They either want power will, or leaue to tell me my desire, or at the first word they would haue done it, sith Angels are not vsed to idle speeches, and to mo talke is idle, that doth not tell me of my maister. They know not where he is, and therefore they are come to the place where he lay was, making the Tombe their heauen, and the remembrance of his presence the food

their felicity. Whatsoeuer they could tell me, if they told me not of him, and whatsoeuer they should tell me of him, if they told me not where he were, both their telling and my hearing were but a wasting of time. I neither came to see them, nor desire to heare thē. I came not to see Angels, but him that made both me and Angels, and to whome I owe more then both to men and Angels.

And to thee I appeale, O most louing Lord, whether my afflicted hart do not truly defray the tribute of an vndeuided Loue. To thee I appeale, whether I haue ioyned any partner with thee in the small possession of my poore selfe. And I would to God I were as priuy where thy body is, as thou art, who is only Lord and owner of my soule.

But alas sweet Iesu, where thou wert thou art not, and wher thou art I know not: wretched is the case that I am in, and yet how to better it I cannot imagine. Alas O my only desire, why hast thou left me wauering in these vncertainties, and in how wild a maze wander my doubtfull and perplexed thoughts? If I stay heere where he is not, I shall neuer find him. If I would go further to seeke, I know not whither. To leaue the Tombe is a death; and to stand helplesse by it an vncurable di-

ſeaſe, ſo that all my comfort is now conclu-
ded in this, that I am left free to chooſe whether I will ſtay without help, or go without hope; that is in effect, with what torment I will end my life. And yet euen this were too happy a choiſe for ſo vnhappy a creature. If I might be chooſer of my owne death, o how quickly ſhould that choiſe be made, and how willingly would I runne to that execution! I would be nailed to the ſame croſſe, with the ſame nailes, and in the ſame place: my hart ſhould be wounded with his ſpeare, my head with his thornes, my body with his whips: Finally I would taſte all his torments, and tread all his embrued and bloudy ſteps.

But O ambitious thoughts, why gaze you vpon ſo high a felicity? why thinke you of ſo glorious a death, that are priuy to ſo infamous a life? death alas I deſerue, yea not one but infinite deaths. But ſo ſweet a death, ſeaſoned with ſo many comforts, the very inſtruments wherof were able to raiſe the deadeſt corps, and depure the moſt defiled ſoule, were too ſmall a ſcourge for my great offences. And therfore I am left to feele ſo many deaths as I liue houres, & to paſſe as many pangues, as I haue thoughts of my loſſe, which are as many as there are minutes, and as violent as if

they

they were all in euery one. But ſith I can neither die as he died, nor liue where he lieth dead, I will liue out my liuing death by his graue, and die on my dying life by his ſweet Tombe. Better is it after loſſe of his body to looke to his ſepulcher, then after loſſe of the one, to leaue the other to be deſtroyed. No no, though I haue beene robbed of the Saint, I will at the laſt haue care of the ſhrine which though it beſpoyled of the moſt ſouereigne hoaſt, yet ſhall it be the Altar where I will daily ſacrifice my hart, and offer vp my teares.

Heere will I euer leade, yea heere do I meane to end my wretched life, that I may at the leaſt be buried by the Tombe of my Lord, and take my iron ſleep neere this couch of ſtone, which his preſence had made the place of ſweeteſt repoſe.

It may be alſo that this emptie *Syndon* lying here to no vſe, and this Tombe being open without any in it, may giue occaſion to ſome mercifull hart, that ſhall firſt light vpon my vnburied body, to wrap me in his ſhroud, and to enterre me in this Tombe.

O too fortunate a lot, for ſo vnfortunate a woman to craue: no no, I do not craue it. For alas I dare not, yet if ſuch a ſinfull ouer-

ſight ſhould be committed, I do now before hand, forgiue that ſinner, & were it no more preſumption to wiſh it aboue then to ſuffer it dead, if I knew the party that ſhould firſt paſſe by me, I would wooe him with my teares, and hire him with my prayers, to bleſſe me with this felicity. And though I dare not wiſh any to do it, yet this without offence I may ſay to all, that I loue this *Syndon* aboue all clothes in the world, and this Tombe I eſteeme more then any Princes monument: yea, & I thinke that corſe highly fauoured, that ſhall ſucceed my Lord in it: & for my part as I mean, that the ground, where I ſtand ſhall be my death-bed, ſo am I not of *Iacobs* mind to haue my body buried farr from the place where it dieth, but euen in the next and readieſt graue, and that as ſoone as my breath faileth, ſith delaies are bootleſſe, where death hath won poſſeſſion.

But alas I dare not ſay any more, let my body take ſuch fortune as befalleth it: my ſoule at the leaſt ſhall dwell in this ſweet Paradiſe, and from this brittle caſe of fleſh and bloud paſſe preſently into the glorious Tombe of God and man. It is now enwrapped in a maze of corruption, it ſhall then enioy a place of high perfection: where it is now, it is

more by force then by choice, and like a repining prisoner in a loathed goale. But there in little roome it should find perfect rest, and in the prison of death, the liberty of a ioyfull life.

O sweet Tombe of my sweetest Lord, while I liue I will stay by thee: when I die, I will cleaue vnto thee, neither aliue nor dead, will I euer be drawne from thee. Thou art the Altar of mercy, the Temple of truth, the Sanctuary of safety, the graue of death, & the cradle of eternall life. O heauen of my eclipsed Sunne, receiue vnto thee this silly star that hath now also lost all wished light. O Whale that hast swallowed my only *Ionas*, swallow also me more worthy to be thy prey, sith I, and not he, was the cause of this bloudy tempest. O Cesterne of my innocent *Ioseph*, take me into thy drie bottome, sith I, and not he, gaue iust cause of offence to my enraged brethren. But alas, in what cloud hast thou hidden the light of our way? Vpon what shoare hast thou cast vp the preacher of all truth? or to what *Ismaelite* hast thou yeelded the purueiour of our life?

Oh vnhappy me, why did I not before thinke of that which I now aske? Why did I leaue him when I had him, thus to lament

him, now that I haue lost him? If I had watched with perseuerance, either none would haue taken him, or they should haue taken me with him.

But through too much preciseneſſe in keeping the law, I haue loſt the law-maker, & by being too ſcrupulous in obſeruing his ceremonies, I am proued irreligious in looſing himſelfe, ſith I ſhould rather haue remained with the truth then forſaken it, to ſolemnize the figure. The Sabboth could not haue been prophaned in ſtanding by his corſe, by which the prophaneſt thinges are ſanctified, and whoſe touch doth not defile the cleane, but cleanſeth the moſt defiled.

But when it was time to ſtay, I departed: When it was too late to help, I returned: and now I repent my folly, when it cannot be amended. But let my hart diſſolue into ſighs mine eyes melt in teares, & my deſolate ſoule languiſh in diſlikes: yea, let all that I am and haue, indure the deſerued puniſhment, that if hee were incenſed with my fault, he may be appeaſed with my penuance, and returne vpon the amendment that fled from the offence.

Thus when her timorous conſcience had indited her of ſo great an omiſſion, and her tongue enforced the euidence with theſe bitter

bitter accusations. Loue, that was now the only vmpire in all her causes, condemned her eyes to a fresh showre of teares, her breast to a new storme of sighes, and her soule to be perpetuall prisoner to restlesse sorrowes.

But O B. *Mary*, thou deceiuest thy selfe in thy owne desires, and it well appeareth, that excesse of grief, hath bred in thee a defect of due prouidence.

And wouldest thou indeed haue thy wishes come to passe, & thy word fulfilled? Tel me then, I pray thee, if thy hart were dissolued, where wouldest thou harbor thy Lord? what wouldest thou offer him? how wouldest thou loue him?

Thy eyes haue lost him, thy hands cannot feele him, thy feete cannot follow him, and if it be at all in thee, it is thy heart that hath him, and wouldst thou now haue that dissolued, from thence also to exile him? And if thy eyes were melted, thy soule in languor, and thy senses decayed, how wouldst thou see him, if hee did appeare? how shouldst thou heare him, if he did speake, how couldst thou know him, though he were there present?

Thou thinkest happily that he loueth thee so well, that if thy heart were spent for his loue, he would eyther lend his owne heart

vnto thee, or create a new heart in thee, better then that which thy sorrow tooke from thee. It may be, thou imaginest, that if thy soule would giue place, his soule wanting now a body, would enter into thine, with supply of all thy senses, and release of thy sorrowes.

O B. *Mary*, thou didst not marke what thy maister was wont to say, when he told thee, that the third day he should rise againe. For if thou hadst heard him, or at least vnderstood him, thou wouldst not thinke, but that he now vseth both his heart and soule in the life of his owne body. And therefore repaire to the Angels, and enquire more of them, least thy Lord be displeased, that comming from him thou wilt not entertayne them.

But B. *Mary*, whose deuotions were all fixed vpon a nobler Saint, and that had so straightly bound her thoughts to his onely affection, that she rather desired to vnknow whom she knew already, then to burden her mind with the knowledge of new acquaintance, could not make her will, long since possessed with the highest loue, stoupe to the acceptance of meaner friendship. And for this though she did not skornfully reiect, yet did she with humility refuse the Angels company, thinking it

discourtesie to take her selfe from them, for to giue her selfe more wholly to her Lord, to whom both she and they were wholly deuoted, and ought most loue and greatest duty. Sorrow also being now the onely interpreter of all that sense, deliuered to her vnderstanding, made her construe their demaund in a more doubtfull then true meaning.

If (*saith she*) they came to ease my affliction, they could not be ignorant of the cause: and if they were not ignorant of it, they would neuer aske it: why then did they say, *Woman why weepest thou?*

If their question did import a prohibition, the necessity of the occasion doth countermaund their counsaile, and fitter it were they should weep with me, then I in not weeping obey them.

If the Sunne were ashamed to shew his brightnesse, when the Father of lights was darkned with such disgrace: If the heauens discolouring their beauties, sured themselues to their Makers fortune: If the whole frame of nature were almost dissolued to see the Author of nature so vnnaturally abused: why may not Angels, that best knew the indignity of the case, make vp a part in this lamentable Consort: And especially now, that by the

the losse of his body, the cause of weeping is
creased, & yet the number of mourners lesse
ed; sith the Apostles are fled, all his friends
fraid, & poore I left alone to supply the tear
of all creatures? *O who will giue water to my he*
and a fountayne of teares vnto my eyes, that I may weep
day and night, and neuer cease weeping. O my Lor
thy griefe was the greatest that euer was i
man, and my griefe as great as euer hapne
to woman: for my loue hath carued me no
small portion of thine, thy losse hath redoub
led the torment of my owne, and all creature
seeme to haue made ouer to me theirs, leauin
me as the vicegerent of all their sorrow. Sor
row with me at the least thou ô Tombe, and
thaw into teares you hardest stones. The time
is now come, that you are licensed to cry, an
boūd to recompence the silence of your Lord
Disciples, of whom he himselfe sayd to the
Pharisies, that if they held their peace, the
very stones should cry for them. Now there
fore sith feare hath locked vp their lips, and
sadnesse made them mute, let the stones cry
out against the murderers of my Lord, and
bewray the robbers of his sacred body.

And I feare that were it well knowne, who
hath taken him away, there is no stone so
stony, but should haue cause to lament.

It was doubtlesse the spite of some malicious Pharisie, or bloudy Scribe, that not contented with those torments, that hee suffered in life (of which euery one to any other would haue beene a tyrrannicall death) hath now stolne away his dead body, to practise vpon it some sauage cruelty, and to glut their pittilesse eyes, and brutish hearts with the vnnaturall vsage of his helplesse corps. O yee rockes and stones if euer you must cry out, now it is high time, sith the light, the life, and the Lord of the world is thus darkned, massacred, and outragiously misused.

Doth not his tongue, whose truth is infallible, and whose word omnipotent, commaunding both windes and seas, and neuer disobeied of the most insensible creatures, promise to arme the world, and to make the whole earth to fight against the senselesse persons in defence of the iust? And who more iust then our Lord of iustice? who more senceleſſe then his barbarous murtherers, whose insatiable thirst of his innocent bloud, could not be staunched with their cruel butchering him at his death, vnlesse they proceeded further in this hellish impiety to his dead body. Why then do not all creatures addresse themselues to reuenge so iust a quarrell, vpon so

senseleſſe

senseleſſe wretches, is in all reaſon forſak
of humanity, and bereaued of all feelin
both of God and man?

O B. Mary, why doeſt thou thus torme
thy ſelfe with theſe tragicall ſurmiſes? Doe
thou thinke that the Angels would ſit ſtill,
there maiſter were not well? Did they ſeru
him after his faſting, and would they deſpiſ
him after his death? Did they comfort hi
before he was apprehended, and would non
defend him when he was dead? If in the ga
den he might haue had twelue Legions o
them, is his power ſo quite dead with his bo
dy, that he could not now commaund them
Was there an Angell found to help *Daniel* t
his dinner, to ſaue *Toby* from the fiſh, yea an
to defend *Balaams* poore beaſt from his mai
ſters rage, and is the Lord of Angels of ſo litl
reckoning, that if his body ſtood in need, ne
uer an Angell would defend it? Thou ſee
two heere preſent to honor his Tombe, an
how much more careſull would they be t
do damage to his perſon? Beleeue not *Mar*
that they would ſmile, if thou haddeſt ſuch
occaſion to weep. They would not ſo glori
ouſly ſhine in white, if a black and mourning
weed did better become them, or were a fi
ter liuery for their maiſter to giue, or them t

weare

were. Yeeld not more to thy vncertaine feare
of deceiued Ione, thē to their assured know-
ledge and neuer erring charity. Can a mate-
rial eye see more then a heauenly spirit, or the
glimmering of thy twilight giue better aime
then the beames of their Eternall Sunne?
Would they (thinkest thou) waite vpon the
winding sheet, while the corse were abused,
or be heere for thy comfort, if their Lord did
need their seruice? No no, he was neither
any theeues booty, nor Pharisies prey, nei-
ther are the Angels so careleſſe of him, as thy
suspition presumeth. And if their presence
and demeanour cannot alter thy conceit,
looke vpon the cloathes and they will teach
thee thine error, and cleare thee of thy doubt.
Would any theife thinkest thou haue been
so religious, as to haue stolne the body and
left the cloathes; yea, would he haue been so
venturous, as to haue staied the vnshrowding
of the corse, the well ordering of the sheetes
and folding vp the napkins? Thou knowest
that myrrh maketh linnen cleaue as fast,
as pitch or glue; and was a theefe at so much
leasure, as to dissolue the myrrh and vncloath
the dead? what did the watch while the sea-
les were broken, the Tombe opened, the bo-
dy vnfolded, all other things ordered as now

thou

[illegible] And if all this cannot yet perſw
de thee, beleeue at the leaſt thy owne experi
ence. When thy Maiſter was ſtripped at th
croſſe, thou knoweſt that his only garmen
being congealed to his goary back, came no
off without many partes of his skin, & doub
Ieſſe would haue torne off many more, if
had beene annointed with myrrh: Loo
then into the sheet, whether there remai
any parcell of skin, or any one haire of h
head: and ſith there is none to be found h
leeue ſome better iſſue of thy maiſters abſen
then thy feare ſuggeſteth. A guilty conſcie
ce doubteth want of time, and therefore di
patcheth haſtely. It is in hazard to be diſco
uered, and therefore practiſeth in darkneſſe
treſie. It euer worketh in extreme feare, a
therefore hath no leyſure to place thinges o
derly. But to vnwrap ſo mangled a body, o
of mirrhed cloathes, without tearing of a
skin or leauing on any mirh, is a thing eit
to mã impoſſible or not impoſſible to be d
with ſuch ſpeed, without light or help,
with ſo good order. Aſſure thy ſelfe therfo
that if either of malice, or by fraud, the c
had beene remoued, the linnen and mi
ſhould neuer haue beene left, and neit
could the Angel looke ſo chearfully, nor

cloat

To our prudence so d[illegible] thou shouldst weep to behold [illegible] the counsel they kindle [illegible] servants. VI. If they be teares [illegible] like thy good will, as thy love [illegible] God, so let these signes be suppressed. If [illegible] be teares of anger to dismount thy diuine [illegible] they should neuer haue been shed [illegible] all anger was buried, but none deserued. [illegible] they be teares of sorrow & duetie to the dea[illegible] they are bestowed in vaine where the dead [illegible] returned. If they be teares of ioy stilled fro[illegible] the flowers of thy good Fortune, fewer [illegible] these would suffice, and fitter were other to[illegible] kens to expresse thy contentment. And therefore O Woman why dost thou weep? would [illegible] eyes be so drie, if such eye-streames were [illegible] bountifull? Yes would not the heauens rain [illegible] teares if the suppolalls were true? Did [illegible] Angels alwayes in their visible semblances, [illegible] present their Lords inuisible pleasures, [illegible] shewing their shapes in the diuerse hi[illegible] sions! When God was incensed they brandished swordes: when he was appeased, [illegible] sheathed them in scabbards? When he would defend, they assembled soulidiers: when he would terrifie, they rooke terrible formes: when he would comfort, they carried [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

vpbraidings of his loue, and whetstones of
sharper sorrow. Whatsoeuer these hearers, the
meanest delights it expecteweth the miss of
thy maisters speeches, which as they were
heauenly harmony that thy eares affected, so
they being now stopped with deathfull si-
lence, all other words and tunes of comfort
are to thee but as if one should vse musick vpon a
graue: banish memories of a lost felicity, and
presents of a present vnhappinesse. And though
loue increase the conceipt of thy losse which
endeareth the meanest things, and doubleth
the estimate of things that are precious: yet
thy faith teaching thee the infinite dignity
of thy maister, and thy vnderstanding being
no dul scholler to learne so well liked a lesson,
it fell so be the bitterest part of thy misery,
that thou didest so well know how infinite
the losse was that made thee miserable.

This is the cause that those very Angels
in whome all things make remonstrance of
triumph and solace, are vnto thee occasions
of new greife. For their gratious and louely
countenances remember thee, that thou ha-
last the beauty of the world, and the high-
marke of true loues ambition. Their sweet
looks and amiable fauours tell thee, that the
heauen of thy eyes which was the treasure

...iesty of thy maisters face, euer thinkes ...
...ture more pleasing graces, but is now ...
...gured with the dreadfull formes of death ...
...ame, they were to thee, like the glitte-
...ring sparkes of a broken Diamond, and like ...
...tures of dead and deceased beauties, signes ...
...statues of thy calamity, memorials, not ...
...medicines of thy misfortune.

Thy eyes were too well acquainted with ...
...e truth, to accept a supply of shadowes, &
...ubstantiall selfe, contentt, and glory were ne-
...er in any other so truly at home, and so per-
...ect in their prime, as in the person and spee-
...h of thy Lord; so cannot thy thoughtes
...ut be like strāgers in any forraine delights.
...or in them all thou seest no more, but some
...attered crumes, and hungry morsels of thy
...ompe full banquets, and findest a dim re-
...exion of thy former light, which like a flash
...f lightning, in a close and stormy night, ser-
...es thee, but to lose thy present infelicitie, &
...he horror of the ensuing darknes.

Thou thinkest therefore thy selfe blame-
...ie, both in weeping for thy losse, and in
...efusing other comfort. Yet in common cour-
...e afford these Angels an answere, sith
...heir charity in visiting thee, deserveth much
...ore, and thou (if not too vngratefull) canst

allow them no leisse.

Alas (sayth she) what needeth any answere where the misery is selfe speaketh, and the losse is manifest? My eyes have answered them with teares, my brest with sighs, & my heart with throbs: what need I also punnish my toogue, or wound my soule with a new report, heartfull of so dolefull a misfortune? *They have taken away* (o unfortunate word) *They have taken away my Lord.*

O afflicted Virgin, why thinkest thou this word to be torrunate? It may be the Angels have taken him more solemnly to entombe him, and such cattle hath done her last homage, happily the Quires of heaven are also descended to defray unto him their funerall duties.

It may be that the Centurion & the rest, that did acknowledge him on the crosse to be the sonne of God, have bene touched with remorse, and goaded with the pricke of conscience, and being desirous to satisfie for their heinous offence, have now taken him, more honorable to interre him, and by their service to his body sought forgivenesse, and sued the pardon of their guilty soules.

Peraduenture some secret Disciples, have wrought this exployt, and maugre the watch taken him from hence, with due honour to

[illegible] yet not trayne vp the tarde hinde; [illegible] no such capter to lament, sith the great[illegible] probabilities march on thy better side? Why dost thou call sorrow before he commeth, which without calling commeth vnwelcome inough? yea why doest thou create sorrow where [illegible] sighes & hastie sorrowes inough, though imagined sorrowes help not? It is folly to suppose the worst where the best may be hoped for, and euery mishap bringeth griefe inough with it, though we with our fancies do not go first to meet it. Quiet then thy selfe till time try out the truth, and it may be thy feare will proue greater then thy misfortune.

But I know why louers are ill helped with this lesson: for the more it loueth, the more it feareth: and the more desirous to enioy, the more doubtfull it is to loose: it neyther hath measure in hopes, nor meane in fears: hoping the best vpon the least surmise, and fearing the worst vpon the weakest grounds. And yet both fearing and hoping at one time neyther feare withholdeth hope from the highest attempts, nor hope can be so [illegible] against the smallest suspitions: but [illegible] all feares, louers hopes will mount [illegible]

the

was the author of my being, and for my better, he was the worker of my well doing, and therefore my Soueraigne, he was the peace of my conscience, and then by my redeemer. He was my Lord to command me, my maister to instruct me, my Father to loue me. He was mine because his loue was mine, and when he gaue me his loue he gaue me himselfe. Sith loue is no gift except the giuer be giuen with it, yea it is no loue, vnlesse it be as liberall of that it is as of that it hath. Finally, if the meate be mine that I eate, the life mine wherewith I liue, or the mine, all whose life, labours, and death were mine, then dare I boldly say that Christ is mine, sith on his body I feed, by his bloud I liue, and to my good without any need of his owne, hath he liued, laboured, and died. And therefore though his Disciples, though the Centurion, yea though the Angels haue taken him, they haue done me wrong in defeating me of my right, sith I neuer meane to resigne my interest.

But what if he hath taken away himselfe, wilt thou also lay vniustice to his charge? Though he be thine, yet thine to command not to obey, thy Lord to dispose of thee, and not to be by thee disposed: and therefore as it is no reason that the seruant should be maister

of

of [illegible] so might the [illegible] & perse-
uerance haue bene remoued without acquaint-
ing thee withall, reuiuing himselfe with the
same power, with which he raised thy dead
brother, and fulfilling the words, that he gaue
out vttered of his resurrection. It may be thou wilt say, that a gift once
giuen, cannot be reuoked, & though it haue thought
it were before in his choise, not to giue it vn-
to thee, yet the deed of gift being once
made, he cannot be taken from thee, neither
can the giuer dispose of his gift without the
possessors priuity. And sith this is a rule in the
law of nature, thou maist imagine it a breach
of equity, and an impeachment of the right
to conuey himselfe away without thy con-
sent.

But to this I will answere thee with
thine owne ground. For if he be thine by be-
ing giuen thee once, thou art his by a mu-
tuall, as daily, and therefore he being abso-
lute owner of thee, is likewise full owner of
whatsoeuer is thine, & consequently because
he is thine, he is also his owne, & so nothing
liable vnto thee, for taking himselfe from
thee.

Yea but he is my Lord (saiest thou) and
in this respect, bound to keep me, at the least

bound

[illegible] not to kill me: and [illegible] killing is nothing but a severing of life from the body: seeing the chiefe life both of my soule and body cannot possibly go from me, but he must with a double death kill me. And therefore he being my Lord, and bound to protect his servant, it is against all lawes that I should be thus forsaken.

But o cruell tongue, why pleadest thou thus against him, whose case I feare me is so pitifull, that it might rather move all tongues to plead for him, being peraduenture in their hands, whose vnmercifull harts, make themselues merry with his misery, and build the triumphes of their impious victory, vpon the dolefull ruines of his disgraced glory? And now (O griefe) because I know not where he is, I cannot imagine how to help, for they haue taken him away, and I know not where they haue put him.

Alas Mary, why doest thou consume thyselfe with these cares? His father knoweth and he will help him. The Angels know and they will guard him. His owne soule knoweth and that will assist him. And what need then is there, that thou silly woman shouldest know it, that can in no way profit him? But I feele in what veine thy pulse beateth,

[illegible] and by thy desire I discover thy disea[illegible]
[illegible]ough both heaven and earth did kno[illegible]
it, and the whole world had notice of it, y[illegible]
except thou also were made priuie vnto
thy woes would be as great, and thy tea[illegible]
as many: That others see the sunne, do[illegible]
not lighten thy darkenesse, neither can othe[illegible]
eating satisfie thy hunger. The more the[illegible]
be that know of him, the greater is thy so[illegible]
row, that amongst so many thou art n[illegible]
thought worthy to be one. And the mo[illegible]
there be that may help him, the more it gre[illegible]
veth thee that thy poore help is not accepte[illegible]
amongst them. Though thy knowledge no[illegible]
eeth not, thy loue doth desire it, and thou[illegible]
it auaile not, thy desire will seeke it. If
know it, thou wouldest know it with all
no other, thou wouldest know it alone, a[illegible]
from whomesoeuer it be concealed, it m[illegible]
be no secret to thee. Though the knowled[illegible]
would discomfort thee, yet know it the
wilt, yea though it would kill thee, tho[illegible]
couldest not forbeare it.

Thy Lord to thy loue is like drinke to t[illegible]
thirsty, which if they cannot haue, they d[illegible]
for drouth; and being long without it, th[illegible]
pine away with longing. And as men in e[illegible]
tremity of thirst are still dreaming of foo[illegible]

[illegible]tayne

...ceive, heare, and speake, being neither able to receive at her thoughts, or to utter other words but of drinke and victuall: so letters in the vehemency of their passion, can neither thinke nor speake but of that they loue: and if that be once missing, every part is both an eye to weep, and an eare to listen, what hope or newes may be had of it. If it be good they dye till they heare it, though bad, yet they cannot liue without it. Of the good they hope that it is the very best, & of the euill they feare it to be the worst; and yet though neuer so good they pine till it be told, and be it neuer so euill, they are impatient to know it. And when they once know it, they can neyther beare the ioy, nor brooke the sorrow, but as well the one as the other is inough to kill them.

And this (S. Mary) I gesse to be the cause why the Angels would not tell thee thy Lords rise: For if it had beene for thy sake, thou wouldst haue died for ioy, if otherwise thou wouldst haue swouned for sorrow. And therefore they leaue this newes for him to deliuer, whose word if it giue thee a wound, is also a salue to cure it, though neuer so deadly.

But alas afflicted Soule, why doth it so deeply grieue thee, that thou knowest not

where

will offer, and many farre better, many
he will allow, and therefore thou must be
of my minde, that wheresoever he be, he is in a
place fitter for him then where he was.

Thy sister *Martha* confessed him to be the
sonne of God, and with her confession agreed
thy beliefe. And what place more convenient
for the sonne, then to be with his Father, the
businesse for which he hath beene so long
from him, being now fully finished?

If he be the Messias, as thou didst once
believe, it was said of him, *That he should ascend*
on high, and lead our captivity captive. And what is
this height but heaven, what our captivity
but death? Death therefore is become his cap-
tive, and it is like that with the spoiles thereof
he is ascended in triumph to eternall life.

But if thou canst not lift thy mind to so
favourable a belief, yet maist thou very wel
suppose that he is in Paradise. For if he came
to repaire *Adams* ruines, & to be the common
parent of our redemption, as *Adam* was of our
originall infection: reason seemeth to re-
quire, that having indured all his life the pe-
nalty of *Adams* exile, he should after death re-
enter possession of that inheritance which
Adam lost: that the same place that was the
nest where sinne was first hatched, may be

now the childhood of grace and mercy. And if sorrow at the crosse did not make thee so deafe, as at the tombe it maketh thee forgetfull, thou didst in confirmation heereof heare himselfe say to one of the theeves, that the same day he should be with him in Paradise. And if it be reason that no shadow should be more priuiledged then the body, no figure in more account then the figured truth, why shouldest thou beleeue that *Elias* & *Enoch* haue beene in Paradise these many ages, and that he whome they but as tipes resembled, should be excluded from thence? He excelled them in life, he surpassed them in miracles, he was farre beyond them in dignity: VVhy then should not his place be farre aboue, or at the least equal with theirs, sith their prerogatiues were so farre inferiour vnto his?

And yet if the baseneſſe and misery of his passions, haue laid him so low in thy conceite, that thou thinkest Paradise too high a place to be likely to haue him: the very lowest roome that any reason can assigne him, cannot be meaner then the bosome of *Abraham* & sith God in his life did so often acknowledge him for his sonne, it seemeth the slenderest preheminence, that he can giue him aboue other men, that being his holy One, he should

in his body see corruption, but be first amongst the dead, reposing both in body and soule, where other saints are in soule only. Let not therefore the place where he is, trouble thee, sith it cannot be worse then his grave, and infinite coniectures make probability that it cannot but be better.

But suppose that he were yet remaining in earth, & taken by others out of his Tombe what would it anaile thee to know where he were? if he be with such as loue and honour him, they will be as wary to keep him, as they are loath he should be lost: and therfore will either often change, or neuer confesse the place, knowing secresie to be the surest locke to defend so great a treasure. If those haue taken him, that malice and maligne him, thou maist wel iudge him past thy recouery, when he is once in possession of so cruell owners.

Thou wouldest happily make sale of thy liuing, and seeke him by ransome. But it is not likely they would sell him to be honoured, that bought him to be murthered.

If price would not serue, thou wouldest fall to praier: but how can praier soften such flinty harts? And if they should not so many times offered for his life, as little will they regard thy intreaty for his corse.

If neither price nor prayer would prevaile, thou wouldest attempt it by force. But alas silly souldier, thy armes are to weake to manage weapons, and the issue of thy assault would be the losse of thy selfe.

If no other way would help, thou wouldest purloyne him by stealth, & thinke thy selfe happy in contriuing such a theft. O B. *Mary*, thou art deceiued, for malice will haue many lockes, and to steale him from a theef, that could steale him from the watch, requireth more cunning in the art, then thy want of practise can afford thee.

Yet if these be the causes that thou inquirest of the place, thou shewest the force of thy rare affection, and deseruest the Lawrell of a perfect louer.

But to feel more of their sweetnesse, I will pound these spices, and dwell a while in the peruse of thy resolute feruour.

And first, can thy loue enrich thee when thy goods are gone, or a dead corse repay the value of thy ransome? Because he had neither bed to be borne in, no graue to be buried in, wilt thou therfore rather be poore with him, then rich without him?

Againe if thou hadst to sue to some cruel Scribe or Phariſee, that is, to a hart boiling

rancor, with a hart burning in loue, for a thing of him aboue all thinges detested, of thee aboue all thinges desired, as his enemy to whome thou sueſt, and his friend for whome thou intreateſt; canſt thou thinke it poſſible for this ſute to ſpeed? Could thy loue repaire thee from his rage, or ſuch a tyrant ſtoupe to a womans teares?

Thirdly, if thy Lord might be recouered by violence, art thou ſo armed in complete loue, that thou thinkeſt it ſufficient harneſſe? or doth thy loue endue thee with ſuch a *Iudithes* ſpirit, or lend thee ſuch *Sampſons* lockes, that thou canſt breake open huge gates, or foyle whole armies? Is thy loue ſo ſure a ſhield that no blow can breake it, or ſo ſharp a dint, that no force can withſtand it? Can it thus alter ſexe, change nature, and exceed all Art?

But of all other courſes, wouldſt thou aduenture a theft to obtaine thy deſire? A good deed muſt be well done, & a worke of mercy without breach of iuſtice. It were a ſinne to ſteale a prophane treaſure, but to ſteale an annoynted prophet can be no leſſe thē a ſacrilege. And what greater ſtain to thy Lord, to his doctrine, and to thy ſelfe, then to ſee thee his Diſciple publikely executed for an open theft?

O B. Mary, vnlesse thy loue haue bette
warrant then common sense, I can hardly se
how such desig ments can be approued.

Approued (saith she) I would to God the
execution were as ease as the proofe, and I
should not long bewaile my vnfortunat losse.

To others it seemeth ill to preferre loue
before riches, but to loue it seemeth worse t
preferre any thing before it selfe. Cloath him
with plates of siluer that shiuereth for cold,
or fill his purse with treasure that pineth for
hunger, & see whether the plates will warme
him, or the treasure feed him. No no, he wi
giue vs all his plates for a wollen garment, &
all his money for a meales meat. Euery sup-
ply fitteth not with euery need, and the loss
of so sweet a Lord hath no correspondence in
worldly wealth. Without him I were poore,
though Empresse of the world. With him I
were rich, though I had nothing else. They
that haue most are accoũted richest, & they are
thought to haue most, that haue al they desire:
and therefore as in him alone is the vttermost
of my desires, so he alone is the summe of all
my substance. It were too happy an exchange
to haue God for goods, and too rich a pouer-
ty to enioy the only treasure of the world. If
I were so fortunate a beggar, I would di-

daine Salomons wealth, and my loue being so highly enriched, my life should neuer complaine of want.

And if all I am worth would not reach to his ransome, what should hinder me to seek him by intreaty? Though I were to sue to the greatest Tyrant, yet the equity of my sute is more then halfe a grant. If many drops soften the hardest stones, why should not my teares supple the most stony harts? what anger so fiery that may not be quenched with eye-water, sith a weeping suppliant rebateth the edge of more then a Lyons fury? My sute it selfe would sue for me, & so doleful a corse would quicken pitty in the most yron harts. But suppose that by touching a raucled sore, my touch should anger it, and my petition at the first incense him that heard it: he would perchase reuile me in words, & then his owne iniury would recoyle with remorse, and be vnto me a patron to proceed in my request. And if he should accompany his words with blowes, and his blowes with wounds, it may be my stripes would smart in his guiltie mind, & his conscience bleed in my bleeding woundes, and my innocent bloud so intender his Adamant hart, that his owne inward feelings would plead my cause, and pre-

true obtaine my sute.

But if through extremity of spight, he should happen to kill me, his offence might easily redound to my felicity. For he would be as carefull to hide whome he had vniustly murdered, as him whome he had feloniously stolne; and so it is like, that he would bide me in the same place where he had layd my Lord, and as he hated vs both for one cause, him for calling, and me for acknowledging that he was the Messias: so would he vse vs both after one manner. And thus whatcomfort my body wanted, my soule should enioy in being a part of my selfe partterne of my Maisters misery: with whome to be miserable, I reckon a higher fortune, then without him to be most happy.

And if no other meane would serue to recouer him but force: I see no reason why it might not very well become me? None will barre me from defending my life which the least worme in the right nature hath leaue to preserue. And sith he is to me so deare a life that without him, all life is death, nature authorizeth my feeble forces to imploy their vttermost in so necessary an attempt. Necessity addeth ability, and loue doubleth necessity, and it often happeneth, that nature armed

with

with loue, and preſſed with need, exceedeth it ſelfe in might and ſurmounteth all hope in ſucceſſe. And as the equity of the cauſe doth breath courage into the defenders, making them the more willing to fight, and the leſſe vnwilling to die: ſo guilty conſciences are euer timorous, ſtill ſtarting with ſuddaine frights, and afraid of their owne ſuſpitions, ready to yeeld before the aſſault, vpon diſtruſt of their cauſe, and deſpaire of their defence. Sith therefore to reſcue an innocent, to recouer right, and to redreſſe ſo deep a wrong, is ſo iuſt a quarell: nature will enable me, loue encourage me, grace confirme, and the iudge of all iuſtice fight in my behalfe.

And if it ſeeme vnfitting to my ſexe in talke, much more in practiſe to deale with martiall affaires: yet when ſuch a cauſe happeneth as neuer had paterne, ſuch effectes muſt follow as are without example. There was neuer any body of a God but one, neuer ſuch a body ſtolne but now, neuer ſuch a ſtealth reuenged but this. Sith therefore the Angels neglect it, and men forget it, O *Iudith* lend me thy proweſſe, for I am bound to regard it.

But ſuppoſe that my force were vnable to win him by an open enterprize, what ſcru-

ple should keep me from seeking him by se
cret meanes? yea and by playne stealth, it w
be thought a sinne, & condemned for a theft
O sweet sinne why was not I the first that di
committhee? Why did I suffer any other sin
ner to prevent me? For stealing from God
his honour I was called a sinner, and vnde
that title was spread my infamy: But for ste
ling God from a false owner, I was not wor
thy to be called a sinner, because it had beem
too high a glory. If this be so great a sinne,
and so heinous a theft, let others make choic
of what titles they will: but for my part, I
would refuse to be an Angell, & would no
wish to be a Saint, I would neuer be esteeme
eyther iust or true, and I should be best con
tented if I might both liue and dy such a sin
ner, and be condemned for such a theft. Whe
I heard my Lord make so comfortable a pro
mise to the thiefe vpon the crosse, that he
should that day be with him in Paradise, I
had halfe an enuy at that thiefes good fortun
and wished my selfe in the thiefes place, so I
might haue enioyed the fruit of his promise
But if I could be so happy a thiefe, as to com
mit this theft, if that wish had taken effect, I
would now vn wish it againe, and scorne to
be any other thiefe then my selfe, such my boo

ty could make me happyer, then any other thiefes felicity. And what though my fellony should be called in question, in what respect should I need to feare? They would say that I loued him too well. But that were soone disproued, sith where the worthinesse is infinite, no loue can be inough. They would obiect that I stole anothers goods: and as for that, many sure titles of my interest would auerre him to be mine, and his dead coarse would rather speake then witnesses should fayle to depose so certayne a truth. And if I had not a special right vnto him, what should moue me to venture my life for him? No no, if I were so happy a fellon, I should feare no temporall arraignment. I should rather feare that the Angels would cite me to my answer, for preuenting them in the theft, sith not the highest Seraphim in heauen, but would deem it a higher stile, then his owne, to be the thiefe that had committed so glorious a robbery.

But alas, thus stand I deuising what I would doe, if I knew any thing of him, and in the meane time I neyther know who hath him, nor where they haue bestowed him, and still I am forced to dwell in this answer, that *They haue taken away my Lord, and I know not*

where

where they haue put him.

While *Mary* thus loſt her ſelfe in a Labyrinth of doubts, watering her words with teares, and warming them with ſighs, ſeeing the Angels with a kind of reuerence riſe, as though they had done honour to one behind her: *She turned backe, and ſhee ſaw Ieſus ſtanding, but that it was Ieſus ſhe knew not.*

O *Mary*, is it poſſible that thou that haſt forgotten Ieſus? Faith hath written him in thy vnderſtanding, loue in thy will, both feare and hope in thy memory; and how can all theſe regiſters be ſo cancelled, that ſo playnly ſeing, thou ſhouldeſt not know the contents? For him onely thou titeſt thy feete, thou bendeſt thy knees, thou wringeſt thy hands. For him thy heart throbbeth, thy breſt ſigheth, thy tongue complayneth. For him thy eye weepeth, thy thought ſorroweth, thy whole body fayneth, and thy ſoule languiſheth. In ſumme, there is no part in thee, but is buſie about him, and notwithſtanding all this, haſt thou now forgotten him? His countenance auoucheth it, his voice aſſureth it, his woũds witnes it, thy owne eyes behold it, and doeſt thou not yet beleeue that this is Ieſus? Are thy ſharpe ſeing eyes become ſo weake ſighted, that they are dazled with the ſunne, and blin-

ded

ded with the light?

But there is such a shower of teares be-tweene thee and him, and thy eyes are so dim-med with weeping for him, that though thou seest the shape of a man, yet thou canst not discerne him. Thy eares also are still so possessed with the dolefull Eccho of his last speeches, which want of breath made him vt-ter in a dying voice, that the force & lowdnes of his liuing wordes, maketh thee imagine it the voyce of a stranger: and therefore as hee seemeth vnto thee so like a stranger, he asketh this question of thee, *O woman why weepest thou? whom seekest thou?*

O desire of the hart, and only ioy of her soule, why demandest thou why she weepeth, or for whome she seeketh? But a while since she saw thee her only hope hanging on a tree, with thy head full of thornes, thy eyes full of teares, thy eares full of blasphemies, thy mouth ful of gall, thy whole person mangled and disfigured, and doest thou aske her why she weepeth? Scarce three dayes passed, she beheld thy armes and legs racked with vio-lent puls, thy hands and feet boared with nailes, thy side wounded with a speare, thy whole body torne with stripes and goared in bloud, and dost thou her only griefe aske her

why

why she weepeth? She beheld thee vpon the
crosse with many teares, and most lamentable
cries, yeelding vp her ghost, that is thy own
ghost, and alas askest thou why she weepeth?
And now to make vp her misery, hauing but
one hope aliue which was, that for a small
relicte of her other afflictions, she might haue
annointed thy body, that hope is also dead,
since thy body is remoued, and she now stan-
deth hopeless of a help, and demandest thou
why she weepeth, and for whom she seeketh?
Full well thou knowest, that thee only she de-
sireth, thee only she loueth, all thinges beside
thee she contemneth, and canst thou find in
thy hart to aske her whome she seeketh? To
what end, O sweet Lord, dost thou thus sus-
pend her longinges, prolong her desires, and
martyr her with these tedious delaies? Thou
only art the fortresse of her faint faith, the
anker of her wauering hope, the very center
of her vehement loue: to thee she trusteth, v-
pon thee she relieth, & of her selfe she wholy
despaireth. She is so earnest in seeking thee,
that she can neither seeke, nor thinke any o-
ther thing: and all her wits are so busied in
musing vpon thee, that they draw all
attention from her senses, wherewith they
should discerne thee. Being therefore so atten-
tiue

ue to that she thinketh, what maruel though he mark not whome she seeth, and sith thou hast so perfect notice of her thought, and she so little power to discouer thee by sense, why demandest thou for whome she seeketh, or why she weepeth? Doest thou looke that she should answere, For thee I seeke, or for thee I weep? vnlesse thou wilt vnbend her thoughts that her eyes may fully see thee, or while thou wilt be concealed, dost thou expect that she should be able to know thee?

But O *B. Mary*, not without cause doth he ask thee this question. Thou wouldst haue him aliue, and yet thou weepest because thou dost not find him dead. Thou art sory that he is not heere, and for this very cause thou shouldest rather be glad. For if he were dead, it is most likly he should be heer, but not being heere, it is a signe that he is aliue. He reioyceth to be out of his graue, and thou weepest because he is not in it. He will not lie any where, and thou sorrowest for not knowing where he lieth. Alas why bewaileſt thou his glory, as an injury: the reuiuing of his body as the robbery of his corse? He being aliue, for what dead man mourneſt thou; and he being present: whose absence doest thou lament? *But she taking him to be a Gardener, said*

vnto

vnto him, O Lord, if thou hast carried him from hence tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away.

O wonderfull effects of B. Maries loue, if loue be languor, how liueth she by it? If loue be her life, how dieth she in it? If it bereaue her of sense, how did she see the Angels? If it quickened her sense, why knew she not Iesus? Dost thou seeke for one, whome when thou hast found thou knowst not, or if thou dost know him when thou findest him, why dost thou seeke when thou hast him?

Behold Iesus is come, and the part whome thou seekest, is he that talketh with thee. O B. Mary call vp thy wits, and open thine eyes. Hath thy Lord liued so long, laboured so much, died with such paine, and shed such showres of bloud, to come to no higher preferment then to be a Gardener? And hast thou bestowed such cost, so much sorrow, & so many teares, for no better match then a silly Gardener? Alas is the sory Garden the best inheritance, that thy loue can afford him, or a gardiners office the highest dignity that thou wilt allow him? It had been better he had liued to haue beene Lord of thy castle then with his death so dearly to haue bought so small a purchase.

But

But thy mistaking hath in it a further
ystery. Thou thinkest not amisse though
y sight be deceiued, For as our first father,
the state of grace & innocency, was placed
the Garden of pleasure, and the first office
llotted him, was to be a Gardener: so the first
an that euer was in glory, appeareth first in
Garden, and presenteth himselfe in a Gar-
ners likenes, that the beginninge of glory.
ight resemble the entrance of innocency &
ce. And as a Gardener was the foile of má-
nd, the parent of sinne, and author of death:
is the Gardener the raiser of our ruines,
e ransome of our offences, and the restorer
life. In a Garden *Adam* was deceiued, and
en captiue by the diuel. In a Garden Christ
as betraied and taken prisoner by the Iewes.
a Garden *Adam* was condemned to earn his
ead with the sweat of his browes. And af-
a free gift of the bread of Angels in the last
pper in a Garden, Christ did earne it vs
ith a bloudly sweat of his whole body. By
sobedient eating the fruite of a tree, our
ght to that Garden was by *Adam* forfeited,
d by the obedient death of Christ vpon a
e, a farre better right is now recouered.
hen *Adam* had sinned in the garden of plea-
e, he was there apparelled in dead beasties

skins, that his garment might betoken his graue, and his liuery of death agree with his condemnation to die. And now to defraie the debt of that sinne, in this Garden Christ is clad in the dead mans shrowd, and buried in his Tombe, that as our harmes began so they might end, and such places and meanes as were the premises to our misery, might be also the conclusions of our misfortune. For this did Christ in the Canticles inuite vnto a heauenly banquet, after he was come into the Garden, and had reaped his mirrh, and his spice, to forewarne vs of the ioy, that rather this haruest should presently ensue, namely when hauing sowed in this Garden, a body the mortality wherof was signified by these spices, he now reaped the same, neither capable of death, nor subiect to corruption. For this also was B. *Mary* permitted to mistake, that we might be informed of the mystery, and see how aptly the course of our redemption did answere the processe of our condemnation.

But though he be the Gardiner that hath planted the tree of grace, and restored vs to the vse & eating of the fruits of life. Though it be he that soweth his gifts in our soules, quickning in vs the seedes of vertue and re-

ng out of ya the weeds of sinne: yet is he
nevertheleſſe the same Iesus he was, and the
rrowed presence of a meane labourer, nei-
r alters th his person, nor diminisheth his
ght to his diuine titles.

VVhy then canst thou not as well see
hat in truth he is, as what in shew he see-
th, but because thou seest more then thou
ll beleeue, and findest more then thy faith
ed thee to seeke: and for this though thy
e was worthy to see him, yet thy faith was
worthy to know him. Thou didst seeke
him as dead, and therefore dost not know
seing him aliue, and because thou belee-
st not of him as he is, thou dost only see
as he seemeth to be.

I cannot say thou art faultleſſe, sith thou
so lame in thy beliefe: but thy fault deser-
th fauour, because thy charity is so great, &
fore, o mercifull Iesu, giue me leaue to
use whome thou art minded to forgiue.

She thought to haue found thee, as she
thee, and she sought thee as she did last see
, being so ouercome with sorrow for thy
h, that she had neither roome nor respite
r mind, for any hope of thy life, and be-
so deepely interred in the griefe of thy
al, that she could not raise her thoughts to

any conceit of thy resurrection.

For in the graue where S. Ioseph buried thy body, S. Mary together with it entombed her soule, and so straitly combined it with thy corse, that she could with more ease sunder her soule from her owne body that liueth by it, then from thy dead body, with which her loue did bury it: for it is more thine and in thee, then her owne or in her selfe: and therefore in seeking thy body, she seeketh her owne soule, as with the losse of the one, she also lost the other. What maruel then though sense faile, when the soule is lost, sith the lanterne must needes be darke when the light is out?

Restore vnto her therfore her soule that lieth imprisoned in thy body, and she will soone both recouer her sense, and discouer her errour. For alas, it is no error, that proceedeth of any will to erre, and it riseth as much of vehemency of affection, as of defaut in faith. Regard not the errour of a woman, but the loue of a Disciple, which supplieth in it selfe what in faith it wanteth.

O Lord (saith she) *If thou hast carried him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away.*

O how learned it her ignorance, and how

how skillfull her error? She charged not the Angels with thy removing, nor seemed to mistrust them for carrying thee away, as though that her loue had taught her, that their help was needlesse, where the thing removed was remoueable of it selfe. She did not request thē to informe her where thou were laid, as if she had referred that questiō for thy selfe to answere. But now she iudgeth thee so likely to be the author of her losse, that halfe supposing thee guilty, she sueth a recouery, & desireth thee to tell her where the body is, as almost fully perswaded that thou art as priuy to the place, as well acquainted with the action. So that if she be not altogether right, she is not very much wrong, and she erreth with such ayme, that she very litle misseth the truth: Tell her therfore, O Lord, what thou hast done with thy selfe, sith it is fittest for thy owne speech to vtter, that which was only possible for thy owne power to performe.

But O B. *Mary*, sithence thou art so desirous to know where thy Iesus is, why dost thou not name him, when thou askest for him? Thou saidst to the angels that they had taken away thy Lord, and now the second time thou askest for him. Are thy thoughts so

visible, as at thy only presence to be seene; s
so generall, that they possesse all when th
are once in thee? when thou speakest of hi
y what Him dost thou meane, or how ca
stranger vnderstand thee when thou talk
of thy Lord? Hath the world no other Lor
but thine? or is the demaunding by no oth
name but (him) a sufficient notice for whom
thou demaundest?

But such is the nature of thy loue, th
iudgest that no other should be intitled
Lord, sith the whole world is too little for t
Lordes possession, and that those few cr
tures that are, cannot chuse but know hi
sith all the creatures of the world are too fe
to serue him. And as his worthines can app
all loues, and his only loue content all ha
so thou deemest him to be so well worthy
be owner of all thoughts, that no thought
thy conceit, can be well bestowed vpon a
other.

Yet thy speeches seeme more sudd
then sound, and more peremptory, then w
pondered. VVhy dost thou say so resolu
without any further circumstance, tha
this Gardener haue taken him, thou w
take him from him? If he had him by rig
in taking him away thou shouldst do

wr

wrong. If thou suppoſeſt he wrongfully tooke him, thou laieſt theft to his charge, and howſoeuer it be, thou either condemneſt thy ſelfe for an vſurper, or him for a theefe. And is this an effect of thy zealous loue, firſt to abaſe him from a God to a Gardener, & now to degrade him from a Gardener to a theefe?

Thou ſhouldſt alſo haue conſidered whether he tooke him vpon loue or malice. If it were for loue, thou maiſt aſſure thy ſelfe that he will be as wary to keep, as he was ventrous to get him, and therfore thy pollicy was weake in ſaying, thou wouldeſt take him away, before thou knewest where he was, ſith none is ſo ſimple to bewray their treaſure to a knowne theefe. If he tooke him of malice, thy offer to recouer him, is an open defiance, ſith malice is as obſtinate in defending, as violent in offring wrong, and he that would be cruell againſt thy maiſters dead body, is likely to be more furious againſt his liuing diſciple.

But thy loue had no leiſure to caſt ſo many doubts. Thy teares were interpreters of all thy words, and thy innocent meaning was written in thy dolefull countenaunce. Thy eyes were rather pleaders for pitty, then Heralds of wrath, and thy whole perſon preſented ſuch a patterne of thy extreame anguiſh

that no man from thy presence could take
any other impression. And therfore what th
words wanted, thy action supplied, and wh
his eare might mistake, his eye did vnderstā

It may be also that he wrought in thy
heart, that was concealed from thy sight; an
happily his voice and demeanour did impo
such compassion of thy case, that he seemed
willing to afford, as thou desirous to hav
his help. And so presuming by his behaviour,
that thy sute should not suffer repulse, the c
nour of thy request doth but argue thy hop
of a graunt.

But what is the reason, that in all th
speeches, which since the misse of thy maist
thou hast vttered (*Where they have put him*)
alwayes a part? So thou saidst to the Ap
stles, the same to the Angels, and now tho
dost repeat it to this supposed Gardiner: ve
ry sweet must this word be in thy hart, th
is so often in thy mouth, and it would neve
be so ready in thy tounge, if it were not ver
fresh in thy memory.

But what meruaile, though it tast s
sweet, that was first seasoned in thy maisters
mouth, which as it was the treasury of truth
the fountaine of life, and the only quire o
the most perfect harmony: so whatsoeuer i

deliuered

sellusered, thy eare deuoured, and thy hart locked vp. And now that thou wanteſt himſelfe, thou haſt no other comfort but his words, which thou deemſt ſo much the more effectuall to perſuade, in that they tooke their force from ſo heauenly a ſpeaker. His ſweetneſſe therfore it is, that maketh this word ſo ſweete, and for loue of him thou repeateſt it ſo often, becauſe he in the like caſe ſayd of thy brother, *Where haue you put him?* O how much doſt thou affect his perſõ that findeſt ſo ſweet a feeling in his phraſe? How much deſireſt thou to ſee his countenaunce, that with ſo great deſire pronounceſt his words? And how willingly wouldſt thou kiſſe his ſacred feete, that ſo willingly vttereſt his ſhorteſt ſpeeches?

But what meaneſt thou to make ſo abſolute a promiſe, and ſo bouldly to ſay, *I will take him away?* *Ioſeph* was afraid, and durſt not take downe his body frõ the croſſe, but by night, yea and then alſo not without *Pilats* warrant; but thou neither ſtaieſt vntill night, nor regardeſt *Pilat*, but ſtoutly promiſeſt, that thou thy ſelfe wilt take him away.

What if he be in the pallace of the high prieſt, and ſome ſuch maide as made *Peter* deny his maiſter, do begin to queſtion with

thee, wilt thou then stand to these words, I will take him away? Is thy courage so high about kind, thy strength so farre beyond thy sexe, and thy loue so much without measure, that thou neither dost remember that all women are weake, nor that thou thy selfe art but a woman? Thou exemptest no place, thou preferrest no person, thou speakest without feare, thou promisest without condition, thou makest no exception: as though nothing were impossible that thy loue suggesteth.

But as the darkenesse could not fright thee from setting forth before day, nor the watch feare thee from coming to the Tombe, as thou diddest resolue to breake open the seales, though with danger of thy life, and to remoue the stone from the graues mouth, though thy force could not serue thee: so what marueil, though thy loue being now more incensed with the fresh wound of thy losse, it resolue vpon any, though neuer so hard aduentures?

Loue is not ruled with reason, but with loue. It neyther regardeth what can be, nor what shall be done, but onely what it selfe desireth to do. No difficulty can stay it, no impossibility appale it. Loue is it selfe iust inough, and Armour strong inough for all assaults

and it selfe a reward of all labours, It asketh no recompence, it respecteth no commodity. Loues fruits are loues effects, and the gaynes the paynes. It considereth behoofe, more the benefits, and what in duty it should, not what in deed it can.

But how can nature be so maistered with affection, that thou canst take such delight and carry such loue to a dead corse? The mother how tenderly soeuer she loued her child aliue, yet she cannot chuse but loath him dead The most louing spouse cannot endure the presence of her deceased husband, and whose imbracements were delightsome in life, are euer most hatefull after death. Yea this is the nature of all, but principally of women, that the very conceit, much more the sight of the departed, striketh into them so fearefull and vgly impressions, & stirreth in them so great horrour, that notwithstanding the most vehement loue, they thinke long vntill the house be rid of their very deareſt friends, when they are once entyred in deaths vnlouely liueries. How then canst thou endure to take vp his corse in thy hands, and to carry it thou knowest not thy selfe how farre, being especially so torne and mangled, and consequently the more likely in so long time to be

tainted

tayntes?

Thy sister was vnwilling that the graue of her owne brother should be opened, and yet he was shrowded in sheetes, embalmed with spices, and died an ordinary death, without any wound, bruse or other harme, that might hasten his corruption. But this corse hath neyther shrowd, nor spice, sith these are all to be seene in the Tombe, and there is not a part in his body but had some help to further it to decay, and art thou not afrayd to see him, yea to touch him, yea to imbraced and carry him naked in thy armes?

If thou hadst remembred Gods promise, that *His holy One should not see corruption*: If thou hadst beleeued, that his God head remayning with his body, could haue preserued it from perishing, thy faith had beene more worthy of prayse, but thy loue lesse worthy of admiration, sith the more corruptible thou dideſt conceiue him, the more combers thou dideſt determine to ouercome, and the greater was thy loue in being able to conquer them. But thou would'ſt haue thought thy oyntments rather harmes then helpes, if thou hadſt bene ſetled in that beliefe, and for ſo heauenly a corſe embalmed with God, all earthly ſpices would haue ſeemed a diſgrace. If likewiſe

thou

thou had'ſt firmely truſted vpon his reſurrection, I ſhould leſſe maruayle at thy conſtant deſignment, ſith all hazardes in taking him ſhould haue beene with vſury repayd, if lying in thy lappe, thou mighteſt haue ſeene him reuiued, and his diſfigured and dead body beautyfied in thy armes with a diuine maieſty. If thou hadſt hoped ſo good fortune to thy watery eyes, that they might haue beene firſt cleared with the beames of his deſired light, or that his eyes might haue bleſſed thee with the firſt fruites of their glorious lookes: If thou hadſt imagined any likelihood to haue made happy thy dying heart, with taking in the firſt gaſpes of his liuing breath, or to haue heard the firſt words of his pleaſing voice: Finally if thou hadſt thought to haue ſeene his iniuryes turned to honours, the markes of his miſery to ornaments of his glory, and the depth of thy heauyneſſe to ſuch a height of felicity, whatſoeuer thou hadſt done to obtayne him, had beene but a mite for a million, and too ſlender a price for ſo ſoueraigne a peniworth.

But hauing no ſuch hopes to vphold thee, and ſo many motiues to plunge thee in deſpaire, how could thy loue be ſo mighty, as neyther to feele a woman's feare of ſo deformed

med a corse, nor to thinke the waight of the burthen to heauy for thy feeble armes, nor to be amazed with a world of dangers, that this attempt did carry with it?

But affection cannot feare whom it affecteth, loue feeleth no load of him it loueth, neither can true friendship be frighted from releuing to affied a friend.

What meanest thou then, O comfort of her life, to leaue so constant a wel-willer so long vncomforted, & to punnish her so much that so well deserueth pardon? Daily no longer with so knowne a lone, which so many trials auouch most true. And sith she is nothing but what it pleaseth thee, let her taste the benefite of being onely thine. She did not follow the tide of thy better fortune, to shift sayle when the streame did alter course. She began not to loue thee in thy life to leaue thee after death: Neyther was shee such a guest at thy table, that meant to be a stranger in thy necessity. She left thee not in thy lowest ebbe, she reuolted not from thy last extremity: In thy life she serued thee with her goods: In thy death she departed not from thy crosse: after death shee came to dwell with thee at thy graue. Why then doest thou not say with *Noemi*: *Blessed be shee of our Lord, because*

what

what courtesie shee afforded to the quicke, they both also continued towards the dead. A thing so much the more to be esteemed, in that it is most rare.

Do not (sweet Lord) any longer delay her. Behold she hath attended these three dayes, and she hath not what to eate, nor wherewith to foster her famished soule, vnlesse thou by discouering thy selfe, dost minister vnto her the bread of thy body, and feed her with the food that hath in it all taste of sweetnesse. If therfore thou wilt not haue her so faynt in the way, refresh her with that which her hunger requireth. For surely she cannot long enioye the life of her body, vnles she may haue notice of thee, that art the life of her soule.

But feare not *B. Mary*, for thy teares will obtaine. They are too mighty oratours, to let any suite fall, and though they pleaded at the most rigorous barre, yet haue they so persuading a silence, and so conquering a complaine that by yeelding they ouercome, and by intreating they comaund. They tie the tongues of all accurses, and soften the rigour of the severest Iudge. Yea they win the invincible, & binde the omnipotent. When they seeme most pittifull, they haue greatest power, and being most forsaken they are mote victorious. Repentant

penitent eyes are the sellers of Angels, & penitent teares their sweetest wines, which the sauour of life perfumeth, the taste of grace sweeteth, and the purest colours of returning innocency highly beautifieth. This dew of deuotion neuer fayleth, but the sunne of iustice draweth it vp, and vpon what face soeuer it droppeth, it maketh it amiable in Gods eye. For this water hath thy hart been long a limbecke, sometimes distilling it out of the weeds of thy owne offences with the fire of true contrition. Sometimes out of the flowers of spirituall comforts, with the flames of contemplation, and now out of the bitter hearbes of thy maisters miseries, with the heate of a tender compassion. This water hath better graced thy looks, then thy former alluring glances. It hath setled worthier beauties in thy face, then all thy artificiall paintings. Yea this only water hath quenched Gods anger, qualified his iustice, recouered her mercy, merited his loue, purchased his pardon, and brought forth the spring of all thy fauour. Thy teares were the proctours for thy brothers life, the inuiters of those Angels for thy comfort, and the soters that shall be rewarded with the first sight of thy reuiued Sauiour. Rewarded they shall be, but not re-

stained, altered in their cause, but their course continued. Heauen would weep at the losse of so precious a water, and earth lament the absence of so fruitfull showers. No no, the Angels must still bath themselues in the pure streames of thy eyes, and thy face shall still be sterwith this liquid pearle, that as out of thy teares, were stroken the first sparkes of thy Lords loue, so thy teares may be the oyle, to nourish and feed his flame. Till death dam vp the springes, they shall neuer cease running: and then shall thy soule be ferried in them to the harbour of life, that as by them it was first passed from sinne to grace, so in them it may be wafted from grace to glory. In the meane time, reare vp thy fallen hopes, and gather confidence both of thy speedy comfort, and thy Lords well being.

Iesus saith vnto her, Maria. She turning, said vnto him: Rabboni.

O louing Maister, thou diddest only deferre her consolation, to increase it, that the delight of thy presence, might be so much the more welcome, in that through thy long absence it was with so little hope, so much desired. Thou were content she should lay out for thee so many sighes, teares, and plaints, and diddest purposely adiourne the date of her

payment, to requite the teares of these dolors with a large measure of joy. It may be she knew not her former happines, till she was weaned from it: not had a right estimate in valuing the greatnes, with which thy presence did enrich her, vntil her extreame poverty taught her their vnestimable rate. But now thou shewst by a lower experience, that though she payd these with the dearest water of her eyes, with her best breath & tenderest love, yet small was the price that she bestowed in respect of the worth that she received. She sought thee dead, and imprisoned in a stony grave; and now she findeth thee both alive and at full liberty. She sought thee shrined in a shrowd more like a cape then thy selfe, left at the mouth of the vttermost misery, and the only patterne of the bitterest vnhappinesse: and now she findeth thee inuested in the robes of glory, the president of the highest, and the awe and giuer of all felicity.

And as all this while she hath sought without finding, wept without comfort, & called without answere: so now thou satisfiest her looking with thy cõming, her teares with thy triumph, and all her cries with this one word *Mary*. For when she heard thee call her in thy wonted manner, and with the

vsuall voice, her only name issuing from thy mouth, wrought so strange an alteration in her, as if she had beene wholy new made when she was only named. For whereas before the violence of her griefe had so benummed her, that her body seemed but the hearse of her dead hart, & her hart the coffin of an vnliuing soule, and her whole presence but a representation of a double funerall of thine and of her owne: now with this one word her senses are restored, her mind lightned, her hart quickened, and her soule reuiued.

But what maruell, though with one word he raise the dead spirits of his poore disciple, that with a word made the world, and euen in this very word sheweth an omnipotent power?

Mary she was called as well in her bad as in her reformed estate, and both her good and euill was all of *Maries* working. And as *Mary* signifieth no lesse what she was; then what she is: so is this one word by the vertue that speaketh it, a repetition of all her miseryes, an Epitome of his mercyes, and a memoriall of all her better fortunes. And therefore it laid so generall a discouery of her selfe before her eyes, that it awaked her most forgotten sorrowes, and musle-

red together the whole multitude of her ioyes, and would haue left the issue of their mutiny very doubtfull, but that the presence and notice of her highest happinesse decided the quarrell, and gaue her ioyes the victory. For as he was her only sunne, whose going downe left nothing but a dumpish night of fearefull fansies, wherein no starre of hope shyned, & the brightest plannets were changed into dismall signes: so the serenity of his countenance, and authority of his word, brought a calme and well tempered day, that chasing away all darkenesse, and dispersing the clouds of melancholy, cured the letargy, & brake the dead sleep of her astonied senses.

Shee therfore rauished with his voice, and impatient of delayes, taketh his talke out of his mouth, and to his first & yet onely word, answered but one other, calling him *Rabboni*, that is Maister. And then sudden ioy rowsing all other passions, she could no more proceed in her owne, then giue him leaue to goe forward with his speech.

Loue would haue spoken, but feare inforced silence. Hope frameth the wordes, but doubt melteth them in the passage: and when her inward conceits serued to come out, her voice trębled, her tongue faultred, her breath

fayled. In fine teares issued in lieu of wordes, and deepe sighes insteed of long sentences supplyed each others default, and the hart presſed out the vnsillabled breath at once, which the conflict of her disagreeing passions, would not suffer to be sorted into the severall sounds of intelligible speeches.

For such is their estate that are sicke with a surfet of sudden ioy, for the attayning of a thing vehemently desired. For as desire is ever vshered by hope, and wayted on by feare, so is it credulous in entertayning conjectures, but heard in grounding a firme beliefe. And though it be apt to admit the least shaddow of wished comfort, yet the hoater the desire is to have it, the more perfect assurance it requireth for it: which so long as it wanteth the first newes, or apparance of that which is in requeſt, is rather an alarum to summon vp all passions, then a retrait to quiet the desire. For as hope presumeth the best, and inuiteth ioy to gratulate the good succeſſe: so feare suspecteth it too good to be true, and calleth vp sorrow to bewayle the vncertaynty. And while these interchange obiections and answers, sometimes feare falleth into despaire, and hope riseth into repining anger, and thus the skirmish still continueth, till euidence of

proofe conclude the controuersie.

B. Mary therefore, though she suddenly answered vpon notice of his voice, yet because the nouelty was so strang, his person so changed, his presence so vnexpected, and so many miracles layd at once before her amazed eyes, she found a sedition in her thoughts, till most earnest viewing him exempted them from all doubt.

And then though words would haue broken out, and her heart sent into his, duty to that she ought him, yet euery thought striuing to be first vttered, and to haue the first roome in his gracious hearing, she was forced as an indifferent arbitrer among them, to seale them vp all vnder silence by suppressing speech, and to supply the want of words, with more significant actions. And therefore running to the haunt of her chiefest delight, and falling at his sacred feete, shee offered to bath them with teares of ioy, and to sanctifie her lips with kissing his once grieuous, but now most glorious wounds.

Shee stayed not for any more words, being now made blessed with the word himselfe, thinking it a greater benefit, at once to feed all her wishes, in the homage, honour and imbracing of his feete, then in the often hearing

ting of his lesse comfortable talke.

For as the nature of loue toucheth not only to be vnited, but if it were possible wholy transformed out of it selfe into the thing it loueth: so doth it most affect that which most vniteth, and preferreth the least coniunction before any distant contemplation. And therfore to see him, did not suffice her; to heare him, did not quiet her; to speake with him, was not inough for her; & except she might touch him, nothing could please her. But though she humbly fell downe at his feete to kisse them, yet Christ did forbid her, saying: *Do not touch me, for I am not yet ascended to my Father.*

O Iesu, what mystery is in this? Being dead in sinne, she touched thy mortall feete that were to dye for her sake, and being now alyue in grace, may she not touch thy glorious feete, that are no lesse for her benefit required? She was once admitted to annoint thy head, and is she now vnworthy of accesse to thy feete? Doest thou now commaund her from that for which thou wert wont to commend her, and by praising the deed diddest moue her often to do it? Sith other women shall touch thee, why hath a repulse, yea sith she her selfe shall touch thee hereafter, why is she now reiected? What meanest thou, O

Lord, by thus debarring her of so desired a duty, and sith amongst all thy disciples thou hast vouchsafed her with such a prerogatiue, as to honour her eyes with the first sight, and her eares with thy first words, why denyest thou the priuiledge of first imbracing? If the multitude of her teares haue woone that fauour to her eyes, and her longing to heare thee so great a recompence to her eares, why doest thou not admit her hands to touch, and her mouth to kisse thy holy feete, sith the one with many plaintes, and the other with their readinesse to all seruices, seeme to haue earned no lesse reward?

But notwithstanding all this, thou preuentest the effect of her offer, with forbidding her to touch thee, as if thou hadst sayd:

O *Mary*, know the difference between a glorious and a mortall body, betweene the condition of a momentary and of an eternall life. For sith the mortality of the body, and the glory both of body and soule, are the endowments of an heauenly inhabitant, and the rightes of another world, thinke not this fauour to seeme heere ordinary, nor leaue to touch me a common thing.

It were not so great a wonder to see the starres fall from their Spheres, & the Sunne forsake

forsake Heauen, and to come within the reach of a mortall arme, as for me that am not only a Cittizé, but the Soueraigne of Saints, and the sunne whose beames are the Angels blisse, to shew my selfe visible to the pilgrims of this world, and to display eternall beauties to corruptible eyes. Though I be not yet ascended to my father, I shall shortly ascend, & therfore measure not thy demanour towards me, by the place where I am, but by that which is due vnto me, and then thou wilt rather with reuerence fall downe a farre off, then with such familiarity presume to touch me. Doest thou not beleeue my former promises? Hast thou not a constant proofe by my present wordes? Are not thy eyes and eares sufficient testimonies, but that thou must also haue thy hands and face witnesse of my presence? Touch me not, O *Mary*, for if I do deceiue thy sight, or delude thy hearing, I can as easily beguile thy hand and frustrate thy feeling. Or if I be true in any one, beleeue me in all, and imbrace me first in a firme faith & then thou shalt touch me with more worthy hands. It is now necessary to weane thee from the comfort of my externall presence, that thou maist learne to lodge me in the secrets of thy hart, and teach thy thoughts to

supply the offices of outward senses. For in this visible shape I am not here long to be seene, being shortly to ascend vnto my Father: but what thy eye then seeth not, thy hart shall feele, and my silent parley will find audience in thy inward eare. Yet if thou fearest least my ascending should be so sodaine, that if thou doest not now take thy leave of my feete, with thy humble kisses and louing teares, thou shalt neuer find the like opportunity againe, licence from thee that needlesse suspition! I am not yet ascended vnto my Father, and for all such duties, there will be a more conuenient time. But now go about that which requireth more haste, and runne to my brethren and informe them what I say, that I will go before them into Galilee, there they shall see me.

S. Mary therfore preferring her Lords will before her owne wish, yet sorry that her will was worthy of no better euent, departeth from him like a hungry infant pulled from a full teat, or a thirsty Hart chased from a sweet fountaine. She iudged her selfe but an vnlucky messenger of most ioyfull tidings being banished from her maisters presence, to carry newes of his resurrection. Alas (saith she) and cannot others be happy without my

vnhappi-

vnhappinesse, or cannot their gaines come in but through my losses? Must the dawning of their day, be the euening of mine, and my soule robbed of such a treasure to enrich their cares? O my hart returne thou to enioy him, why goest thou with me, that am inforced to go from him. In me thou art but in prison, and in him is thy only paradise. I haue buried thee long inough in former sorrowes, & yet now when thou wert halfe reuiued, I am constrained to carry thee frō the spring of life. Alas go seek to better thy selfe in some more happy brest, sith I euill deseruing creature am nothing different from that I was, but in hauing taken a tast of the highest delight, that the knowledge & want of it might drowne me in the deepest misery.

Thus dutie leading, and loue with-holding her, she goeth as fast backward in thought, as forward in pace, ready eftsoones to faine for greife, but that a firme hope to see him againe, did support her weakenesse. She often turned towards the Tombe to breath, deeming the very aire that came from the place where he stood, to haue taken vertue of his presence, and to haue in it a refreshing force aboue the course of nature. Sometimes she forgetteth her selfe, and loue carri-

eth

eth her in a golden distraction, making her to imagine that her Lord is present, and then she seemeth to demaund him questions, and to heare his answeres; she dreameth that his feete are in her folded armes, and that he giueth her soule a full repast of his comforts. But alas when she commeth to her selfe, and findeth it but an illusion, she is so much the more sorry, in that the only imagination, being so delightfull, she was not worthy to enioy the thing it selfe. And when she passeth by those places where her maister had beene: O stones (saith she) how much more happy are you then I most wretched Caitiffe, sith to you was not denied the touch of those blessed feete, whereof my euill deserts haue now made me vnworthy? Alas what crime haue I of late committed, that hath thus cancelled me out of his good conceit, and estranged me from his accustomed curtesie, had I but a lease of his loue, for terme of his life, or did my interest in his feete expire with his decease? In them with my teares I wrote my first supplication for mercy, which I pointed with sighs foudled vp in my haire, and humbly sealed with the impression of my lippes. They were the dores of my first entrance into his fauour, by which I was gratiously entertained in his

hare

hart, and admitted to do homage vnto his head, while it was yet a mortall mirrour of immortall maiesty, an earthly seat of a heauenly wisedome, containing in man a Gods felicity.

But alas I must be contented to beate a lower saile, and to take downe my desires to farre meaner hopes, sith former fauours are now too high markes for me to aime at.

O my eyes, why are you so ambitious of heauenly honours? He is now to bright a sun for so weake a sight: your lookes are limited to meaner light, you are the eyes of a bat, and not of an Eagle: you must humble your selues to the twilight of inferrior thinges, and measure you sights by your slender substãce. Gaze not too much vpon the blaze of eternity, least you loose your selues in too much self delight, and being too curious in sifting his maiesty, you be in the end oppressed with his glory. No, no, sith I am reiected from his feete, how can I otherwise presume, but that my want of faith hath dislodged me out of his hart, and throwne me out of all possession of his mind and memory. Yet why should I stoupe to so base a feare? when want of faith was agreeued with want of all goodnesse, he disdained not to accept me for one of his number: and

shall

shall I now thinke that he will for my faint beleefe so rigorously abandon me? And is this Gate my loue, wherein he hath no portion of so slender account, that it may not hope for some little sparke of his wonted mercy? I will not wrong him with so vniust a suspition, sith his appearing improueth it, his words ouerthrow it, his countenance doth dissuade it; why then should I suck so much sorrow out of so vaine a surmise.

Thus B. Mary trauelling phansies, making long voyages in this shorte iourney, and wauering betweene the ioy of her vision, and the griefe of her denyall, entertayned her in the way, and held her parley with such discourses, as are incident vnto minds, in which neyther hope is full maister of the field, nor feare hath receiued an vtter ouerthrow.

But as she was in this perplexed manner, now falling, now rising in her owne vncertayntie, she findeth on the way, the other holy woman that first came with her to the graue whom the Angels had now assured of Christs resurrection. And as they passed all forwards towards the Disciples: *Behold Iesus met them saying, All haile. But they came neere, and tooke hold of his feete, and adored him. Then Iesus sayd vnto them, Feare not. Go tell my brethren that they goe*

into

Galilee, there they shall see me.

O Lord how profound are thy iudgments, and vnsearchable thy counsels? doth her sorrow sit so neere thy heart, or thy repulse rebound with such regreet by seing her wounded loue bleed so fast at her eyes, that thy late refusall must so soone be requited with so free a grant? Is it thy pitty, or her change, which cannot allow that she should any longer fast from her earnest longing?

But O most mild Physician, well knowst thō that thy sharp corrosiue, with bitter smart ingred her tender wound, which being rather caused by vnwitting ignorance then wilfull error, was as soone cured as knowne. And therefore thou quickly applyest a sweete lenitiue, to asswage her paine, that she might acknowledge her forbidding rather a fatherly check to her vnsetled faith, then an austere rejecting her for her fault. And therfore thou admirest her to kisse thy feete, the two conduicts of grace, and seales of our redemption, renewing her a Charter of thy vnchanged loue, and accepting of her the vowed sacrifice her sanctified soule.

And thus gratious Lord hast thou finished her feares, assured her hopes, fulfilled her desires, satisfied her loues, stinted her teares, perfected

fected her ioyes, and made the period of h
enduring griefes, the preamble to her now t
tring, and neuer ending pleasures.

O how mercifull a Father thou art; t
left Orphanes, how easy a iudge to repentan
sinners, and how faithfull a friend to sincer
louers! It is vndoubtedly true, that thou ne
uer leauest those that loue thee, and thou lo
uest such as rest their affiance in thee. The
shall find thee liberall aboue desert, and boun
tifull beyond hope: a measurer of thy gifts
not by their merits, but thy owne mercy.

O Christian soule take B. Mary for thy
mirrour, follow her affection that like effect
may follow thine. Learne O sinfull man o
this once a sinfull woman, that sinners may
find Christ, if their sins be amended. Learne
that whome sinne looseth, loue recouereth
whome faintnesse of faith chaseth away, fir
nesse of hope recalleth, and that which no o
ther mortall force, fauor or policy can com
passe, the continued teares of a constant loue,
are able to obtaine. Learne of B. Mary for
Christ to fear no encounter, out of Christ to
desire no comforts, & with the loue of Christ
to ouer-rule the loue of all things. Rise early
in the morning of thy good motions, and let
them not sleep in sloth, when diligence may

performe them. Runne with repentance to thy sinfull heart which should have beene the temple, but through thy fault, was no better then a Tombe for Christ, sith hauing in thee no life to seeke him, he seemed vnto thee as if he had beene dead. Roule away the stone of thy former hardnesse, remoue all the heauy loads that oppresse thee in sinne, and looke into thy soule, whether thou canst there find thy Lord. If he be not there within thee, stand weeping without, & seeke him in other creatures, sith being present in all, he may be found in any. Let faith be thy eye, hope thy guide, and loue thy light. Seeke him, and not his: for himselfe, and not for his gifts. If thy faith haue found him in a cloud, let thy hope seeke to see him. If hope haue led thee to see him, let loue seeke further into him. To moue in thee a desire to find, his goods are precious: and when he is found, to keep thee in a desire to seeke, his treasures are infinite. Absent he must be sought to be had; being had, he must be sought to be more enioyed. Seek him truly, and no other for him. Seeke him purely, and no other thing with him. Seeke him only and nothing besides him. And if at the first search he appeare not, thinke it not much to persuere in teares & to continue thy seeking

kings stand vp on the earth, treading vnder thee all earthly vanities, and couching them with on more then the soales of thy feet, that is with the lowest and least parts of thy affection. To seeke thy rest in the tombe, bow downe thy necke to the yoke of humility, and flee from lofty and proud conceites, that with humbled and lowly lookes thou maiest find, whome swelling and haughty thoughts haue driuen away. A submitted soule soonest winneth his returne, and the deeper it sinketh in a selfe contempt, the higher it climeth in his highest fauors. And if thou perceiuest in the Tombe of thy hart, the presence of his two first messengers, that is at the feet sorrow of the bad that is past, and at the head, desire to a better that is to come, intertaine thē with sighs, & welcome them with penitent teares, yet reckoning them but as harbingers of thy Lord, cease not thy seeking till thou findest himselfe. And if he vouchsafe thee with his glorious sight, offering himselfe to thy inward eyes presume not of thy selfe to be able to know him, but as his vnworthy suppliant prostrate thy petitions vnto him that thou maiest truly discerne him, and faithfully serue him. Thus preparing thee with diligence, comming with speed, standing with high

fred hopes, and stooping with inclined heart if with *B. Mary* thou craues no other solace of Iesus, but Iesus himselfe, he will answere thy teares with his presence, and assure thee of his presence with his owne words, that hauing seene him thy selfe, thou maist make him knowne to others: saying with *B. Mary*, *I haue seene our Lord, and these things he said vnto me.*

FINIS.

S. MARY MAG-DALENS BLVSH.

THE signes of shame that staine my blushing face,
Rise from the feeling of my raging fits.
VVhose ioy annoyes, whose glory is disgrace:
VVhose solace flyes, whose sorrow neuer flits.
Bad seed I sow'd, worse fruite is now my gaine,
Soone dying mirth, begot long liuing paine.

Now pleasure ebbes, reuenge begins to flow,
One day doth wreake the wrath that many wrought:
Remorse doth teach my guilty thoughts to know,
How cheape I sould, that Christ so deerely bought.
Faults long vnfelt doth conscience now bewray,
VVhich care must cure, and teares must wash away.

All Ghostly dynts that Grace at me did dart,
Like stubborne rocke I forced to recoyle;
To other flights an ayme I made my hart,
VVhose wounds then welcome, now haue wrought my soyle.
VVoe worth the bow, woe worth the Archers might,
That drane such arrowes to the marke so right.

To

To pull them out, to leaue them in, is death:
One to this world; one to the world to come:
Wounds may I weare, and draw a doubtfull breath:
But then my wounds will worke a dreadfull doome.
And for a world whose pleasures passe away,
I lose a world, whose ioyes are past decay.

O sense, ô soule, ô hand, ô hopefull blisse,
You woe, you weane, you draw, you driue me backe.
Your crosse encountring like their combat is,
That neuer ends but with some deadly wracke.
When sense doth winne, the soule doth loose the field,
And present haps make future hopes to yeeld.

O heauen lament, sense robbeth thee of Saints,
Lament ô soules, sense spoileth you of Grace.
Yet sense doth scarce deserue these hard complaints,
Loue is the thiefe, sense but the entring place.
Yet graunt I must, sense is not free from sinne,
For thiefe he is, that thiefe admitteth in.

No Ioy to liue.

I Wage no warre, yet peace I none enioy,
I hope, I feare, I fry in freezing cold,
I mount in mirth, still prostrate in annoy,
I all the world imbrace, yet nothing hold.
All wealth is want where chiefest wishes faile,
Yea life is loath'd, where loue may not preuaile.

For that I loue, I long, but that I lacke:
That others loue I loath, and that I haue:
All worldly sights to me are deadly wracke:
Mens present hap, I future hopes do craue.
The louing where they liue, long life requite,
To liue where best I loue, death I despite.

Heere loue is lent for loane of filthy gayne,
Most friends befriend themselues with friendships shew.
Heere, plenty perill, want doth breed disdaine,
Cares common are, ioyes fault'y, short and few.
Heere honour enui'd, is heere meanes despis'd,
Sinne deemed solace, vertue little pris'd.

Heere beauty is a baite that swallowed chaukes,
A treasure sought still to the owners harme:
A light that eye to murdering fight prouokes,
A grace that soules enchant with mortall charmes:
A luring ayme to Cupids fiery flights,
A balefull blisse that damnes where it delights.

O who would liue, so many deaths to try!
Where will doth wish that wisedome doth reproue:
Where nature craues that grace must needes deny;
Where sense doth like, that reason cannot loue:
Where best in shew, in finall proofe is worst,
Where pleasures vpbot is to die accurst.

S. Mary Magdalens Traunce.

Misdeeming eye that Hoopest to the lure,
Of mortall worths, not worth so worthy loue,
All beauties base, all graces are impure,
That do the erring thought from God remoue.
Sparkes to the fire, the beames yeeld to the sunne,
All grace to God, from whome all graces runne.

If picture moue, more should the patterne please,
No shaddow can, with shaddowed thinges compare,
And fayrest shapes whereon our loues do seaze,
But silly signes of Gods high beauties are,
Go starueling sense, feed thou on earthly mast,
True loue in Heauen, seeke thou thy sweet repast.

Gleane not in barren soyle these offall eares,
Sith reape thou maist whole harnests of delight.
Base ioyes with griefes, bad hopes doe end in feares,
Lewd lone with losse, ill peace with deadly fight.
Gods loue alone doth end with endlesse ease,
Whose ioyes in hope, whose hope concludes in peace.

Let not the luring traines of fancies trap.
Or gratious features proofes of natures skill,
Lull reasons force asleep in errors lap,
Or draw thy wit to bent of wanton will;
The fayrest flowers, haue not the sweetest smell,
A seeming heauen, proues oft a damning hell.

Selfe-pleasing soules that play with beauties bayte,
In shyning shrowd may swallow fatall booke,
Where eager sight, or semblant faire doth waite,
A locke it proues that first was but a looke;
The fish with ease into the Net doth glide,
But to get out, the way is not so wide.

So long the flie doth dally with the flame,
Vntill her singed winges do force her fall,
So long the eye doth follow fancies game,
Till loue hath left the hart in heavy thrall;
Soone may the mind be cast in Cupids layle,
But hard it is imprisoned thoughts to bayle.

O loath that loue, whose finall ayme is lust,
Moth of the mind, Eclypse of reasons light,
The graue of grace, the mole of natures rust,
The wrack of wit, the wrong of euery right:
In summe, an euill whose harmes no tongue can tell,
In which to liue is death, to dye is well.

S. Mary Magdalens farewell.

LEt fickle fortune runne her blindest race,
I setled haue my vnremoued mind:
I scorne to be the game of fancies chase,
Or vanne to shew the change of euery wind.
Light giddy humors stinted to no rest,
Still change their choice, yet neuer choose the best.

My

My choice was guided by foresight full heed,
I was averred with approving will,
It shall be followed with performing deed:
And seal'd with vow, till death the chooser kill,
Yet death, though fatall date of vaine desires,
Ends not my choyce, which with no time expires.

To beauties fading blisse I am no thrall;
I bury not my thoughts in mettall Mines,
I ayme not at such fame, as feareth fall,
I seeke and find a light that never shines:
Whose glorious beames display such heavenly sights,
As yeeld my soule a surfeit of all delights.

My light to love, my love to life doth guide,
To life that lives by love, and loveth light:
By love to one, to whom all loves are tide,
By dueſt debt, and never equall right.
Eyes light, harts love, soules truest life he is,
Consorting in three ioyes, one perfect blisse.

At home in Heauen.

FAire soule, how long shall veiles thy graces shrowd?
How long shall this exile with-hold thy right,
When will thy sunne disperse this mortall clowd,
And give thy glorie scope to blaze their light?
Oh that a starre more fit for Angels eyes,
Should pyne in earth, not shine above the skies!

This ghostly beauty offred force to God,
It chayn'd him in the linkes of tender loue,
It wonne his will with man to make abode:
It stayd his sword, and did his wrath remoue;
It made the rigor of his iustice yeeld,
And crowned mercy Empresse of the field.

This lull'd our heauenly Sampson fast a sleep,
And layd him in our feeble Natures lap;
This made him vnder mortall loade to creep,
And in our flesh his God-head to enwrap;
This made him soiourne with vs in exile,
And not disdaine our tytles in his stile.

This brought him from the ranckes of heauenly quires,
Into this vale of teares, and cursed soile;
From flowres of grace, into a world of byers,
From life to death, from blisse to balefull toyle.
This made him wander in our Pilgrims weede,
And taste our torments, to releeue our need.

O soule, do not thy noble thoughts abase,
To loose thy loue in any mortall wight:
Content thine eye at home with native grace,
Sith God himselfe is rauisht with thy sight.
If on thy beauty God enamoured be,
Base is my loue of any lesse then he.

Gin

Giue not assent to muddy minded skill,
That deemes the feature of a pleasing face,
To be the sweetest baite to lure the will,
Not valuing right the worth of ghostly grace.
Let Gods and Angels censure winne beliefe,
That of all beauties iudge our soules the chiefe.

Queene Hester was of rare and peerelesse hiew,
And Iudith once for beauty bare the vaunt:
But he that could our soules endowments view,
Would soone to soules the Crowne of beauty graunt.
O soule out of thy selfe seeke God alone:
Grace more the thine, but Gods, the world hath none.

Christs Natiuity.

BEhold, the Father is his daughters sonne:
The bird that built the nest, is hatch't therin:
The Old of Yeares, an howre hath not out-runne:
Eternall life to liue doth now beginne.
The word is dum, the mirth of heauen doth weep,
Might feeble is, and force doth faintly creep.

O dying soules, behold your liuing spring;
O darkeled eyes, behold your Sonne of grace;
Dull eares attend what word this word doth bring:
Vp heauy harts, with ioy your ioy imbrace.
From death, from darke, frō deafenes, from despaires,
This life, this light, this word, this ioy repaires.

Gift better then himselfe God nowe doth know:
Gift better then his God, no man can see;
This gift doth beere the giuer giuen bestow.
Gift to this gift let each receiuer be.
God is my gift, himselfe he freely gaue me,
God gift am I, and nowe but God shall haue me.

Man altered was by sinne from man to beast,
Beast is food is hay, hay is all mortall flesh,
Now God is flesh and lyes in Mangers priest.
As hay, the brutish sinner to refresh:
O happy field wherein thy fodder grew,
Whose taste doth vs from beast to men renew.

Christs Childhood.

TIll twelue yeares age, how Christ his child-hood
All earthly pens vnworthy were to write, (spent,
Such acts to mortall eyes he did present,
Whose worth, not men, but Angels must recite.
No nature blots, no childish faults defild,
Where grace was guide, and God did play the child.

In springing locks, lay couches hoary wit,
In semblance young, a graue and auncient part,
In lowly lookes, high maiesty did sit:
In tender yeares, sound sense of sagest sort,
Nature impasted all that she could teach,
And God supply'd, where nature could not reach.

His

His mirth, of modest meane a mirrour was;
His sadnesse, tempted with a wilde aspect,
His eye to try each action was a glasse,
VVhose looke did good approoue, and bad correct:
His natures gifts, his grace, his word, and deed,
VVell shewed that all did from a God proceed.

The Christians Manna.

IN Paschal feast, the end of ancient rite,
An entrance was to neuer fading grace:
Types to the truth, dimme glimpses to the light:
Ceremoniall deed presaging signes did chase:
Christs small meale, was fountayne of our good,
For mortall meate, he gaue immortall food.

That which he gaue he was, a peereles gift,
Both God and man he was, and both he gaue.
He in his hands, himselfe did truely lift:
Leaue off they see, wherein themselues they haue.
Twelue did he feede, twelue did the feeder eate:
He made, he drest, he gaue, he was their meate.

They saw, they heard, they felt him sitting neare;
Vnseene, vnselt, vnheard, they him receau'd.
So diuers things, though diuers it appeare,
Though senses fayle, yet faith is not deceau'd.
And if the wonder of the worke be new:
Beleeue the worke, because the word is true.

Here

Heere true beliefe of force inuiteth loue:
So sweet a truth loue neuer yet enioyde.
What thought can thinke, what will doth best approue,
Is here attayned, where no desire is voyde.
The grace, the ioy, the treasure here is such,
No wit can wish, nor will imbrace so much.

Selfe loue here cannot crane, more then it findes:
Ambition to no higher seate aspire.
The eagrest swaine, of most hungry mindes,
May fill, yea farre exceed their owne desire.
In summe here is all, and that in some excesse:
Of much the most, of euery good the best.

Heere to delight the wit, true wisedome is:
To woo the will, of euery good the choyce.
For memory, a mirrour shewing blisse:
Here is all that can both sense and soule reioyce.
And if so all, all this it doth not bring,
The fault is in the men, not in the thing.

Though blinde men see no light, the sunne doth shine:
Sweet tastes, are sweete though sowred tasts deny it.
Pearles pretious are, though tredden on by swine:
Each truth is true, though all men do not try it.
The best, still to the bad doth worke the worst:
Things bred to blisse, doth make them more accurst.

The

be Angels eyes, whome veiles cannot deceaue:
Light best discloſe, what beſt they do diſcerne.
Men muſt with ſound, and ſilent faith receaue
More then they can by ſenſe of reaſon learne.
Gods power our proofe, his works our witts exceed:
The doers might is reaſon for his deed.

A body is indued with ghoſtly rights:
And natures worke from natures Law is free.
In heauenly ſunne lyes hidde eternall lights:
Lights cleare, and neere, yet them no eye can ſee.
Dead formes a neuer dying life doth shrowde:
A boundles ſea lies in a little clowde.

The God of hoſtes in ſlender hoſt doth dwell:
Yea God, and man, with all in either due.
That God that rules the heauens, and riſled hel:
That man whoſe death did yt ſpoile renew.
That God and man it is that Angels bliſſe:
In forme of bread and wine our mouthes kiſſe.

Whole may his body be, in ſmalleſt bread:
Whole in the whole, yea whole in euery crumme.
With which be one, or be ten thouſand fedde:
All to each one, to all but one doth come.
And though each one, as much as all receaues
Nor one too much, nor all too little haue.

One soule in mannes all, in every limme,
Nine soules at once in nurse do nourishe:
One soule doth make man's body a thousand sheapes;
One eye at once of countries diuers diffres.
If soule of one in many natures frame,
Why may not God make many persons one the same?

God presens is at once in every place;
Yet God in every place is alwayes one.
So may there be by gifts of soule by grace:
One may in many persons yet shine one.
Sub Angels may diuers bodyes shape;
God Angels gifts on bodyes may bestow.

What God as author made, he alter may,
No change so hard, as nothing all of nought.
If Adams framed were of earthy clay:
Christ may his Church of stonie hearts be wrought.
He fild and tilld,
Of men ere none, [illegible]

FINIS.